# The Outlook

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LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

*The exigencies of mechanical production are such that it is necessary to go to press with each issue of The Outlook nearly a week before the date of that issue, in order to secure its timely distribution in all parts of the country. The present issue went to press before Election Day, and therefore contains no comment upon the outcome of the election, which will be known to our readers before this issue reaches them. The election results will be reported and their significance analyzed in The Outlook for next week.*

**Vice-President Sherman**

One of the most dramatic incidents of the very dramatic Presidential campaign just closed was the fact that while an ex-President of the United States, not yet recovered from a bullet wound, was speaking in Madison Square Garden in New York City, the Vice-President of the United States was dying in his home in Utica, New York. He was the seventh Vice-President who has died in office; the first was George Clinton, a distinguished citizen of New York, who died in 1812. We forget that the Vice-President is the second most important officer of the Government until we are reminded of it by death. Mr. Sherman's illness began four years ago; and although he made a brave fight under the most expert medical advice, he succumbed in the end to a complication of serious diseases. He came of a thrifty Central New York family. His grandfather was captain of the steamboat Burlington, of which Dickens wrote in his "American Notes;" and those who remember how carefully dressed the Vice-President always was will not be surprised to know that his grandfather left, besides a considerable estate, no less than forty-six fancy waistcoats. Mr. Sherman's father was a journalist in Rochester and Utica, and for many years a Federal officer in Washington. The Vice-President began life on a farm, working in the summer and attending the district school in winter. He prepared for college in an old-fashioned academy and was graduated from Hamilton in 1878, and at once began to read law in an office in Utica. Although he practiced law for a time, Mr. Sherman was essentially a business man, and a small interest which he secured at an early stage of his career in a factory prospered greatly. For many years he was a man of means, and at his death was president of an important trust company. For at least a score of years he was prominent in Congress, where his executive ability and skill in despatching business made him an important member of various committees. He was a conservative Republican of an aggressive type. He was also an astute parliamentarian. He was in no sense a statesman; he was a business man in politics, and belonged to the type of men, now rapidly passing off the stage, who felt that the interests of business and the interests of the country were at all times identical. Mr. Sherman's record in Congress was a record of active fostering of business interests. On the organization side of the Government he rendered valuable service, and as presiding officer in the Senate he was courteous, ready, and fair. On one occasion, when he was presiding, Mr. Bailey, of Texas, moved to lay a pending motion on the table. Mr. Sherman ruled the motion out of order as dilatory, and, when Mr. Bailey protested, said: "If the gentleman from Texas makes his motion in good faith and will assure the Chair that it is not a dilatory motion, the Chair will put it through." Mr. Bailey did not renew his motion, and said subsequently to the presiding officer, "Well, Jim, you had me that time!" Mr. Sherman's manner in the chair was always dignified and quiet. He was a man of many personal friends and of considerable practical ability. He was in no sense a man of vision, and he represented



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the type of public men who conserve the material interests rather than advance the spiritual development of the Nation. If the country voted directly for President and Vice-President, the death of a nominee on the eve of election would introduce an element of confusion; but as the ballots in a Presidential election are cast for a group of electors, there has been no need for a change in the ballots.

**Mr. Roosevelt in Madison Square Garden**

Spontaneous, heart-felt, personally affectionate, an indorsement of both man and cause—these are accurate and moderate terms in which to describe Mr. Roosevelt's reception at Madison Square Garden in New York City on Wednesday night last week by an audience of men and women variously estimated at from fourteen to twenty thousand, while outside many thousands waited to give him greeting. The meeting was not only the culminating event of the Progressive campaign, with the Progressive candidates for President, Vice-President, and Governor of New York as the speakers; it was a tremendous outgiving of admiration and belief, a public avowal of faith in the purpose and sincerity of a leader of men now first seen since he was stricken down in the fight. Even journals which have been both skeptical and hostile so interpreted the meaning of the enthusiasm; an illustration of this is seen in the comment of the New York "Evening Post;" after referring to the mechanism common to all political demonstrations, bands, banners, and lights, it says: "There was a thrust behind the demonstration that scorned this, as it either scorned or swept with it the cynicism of those who had come only out of curiosity. It had all loyalty to a cause and devotion to an individual rolled into one and offered to the man whom they regarded as the personification of that cause." How exactly this is true cannot be gained from description; it does not matter whether the cheering when Mr. Roosevelt appeared lasted forty-one or forty-five minutes, or whether Mr. Bryan years before or Mr. Wilson the night after heard a tumult which, timed by the watch, was a few minutes longer; the feeling of the people was in their faces, in their manner, in their talk to one another, in their combined heartiness, and it was felt in the stillness with which they listened as well as in the noise of their greeting. Nowhere more strongly was this last fact apparent than when Mr. Roosevelt quoted from his own words in the opening days of the campaign: "The leader for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is spend and be spent. It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind. We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men." And there was a grave, thoughtful moment of silence which preceded a last tumult of approval when he reaffirmed this in his final sentence: "Friends, what I said then I say now. Surely there never was a greater opportunity than ours. Surely there never was a fight better worth making than this. I believe we shall win, but, win or lose, I am glad beyond measure that I am one of the many who in this fight have stood ready to spend and be spent, pledged to fight, while life lasts, the great fight for righteousness and for brotherhood and for the welfare of mankind." Throughout the speech was noteworthy for its calmness, its poise, and its penetrating note of conviction and of duty; to quote the hostile "Evening Post" once more, the speech "was in good taste, grave yet with a moving quality, and breathed aspirations for the betterment of the world to which every humane person must say amen." It was practical also in its references to the constructive programme of the Progressive platform—or, better, its Contract with the People to make specific changes.

**Campaign Contributions**

One of the distinctive features of the Presidential campaign which is now closed was the use of the machinery of the Senate to create political capital. The Committee on Campaign Contributions which held its sessions during the campaign was a sub-committee of one of the standing committees of the Senate. It exhibited on a National scale what has often been shown within the limits of State politics, namely, the bi-partisan character of the opposition to the Progressive movement. Immediately upon the adjournment

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of Congress that Committee heard charges against Mr. Roosevelt made by Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Company. The members of the Committee immediately scattered, allowing no opportunity for the prompt answer that Mr. Roosevelt offered. Although the answer was given in the form of a letter to the Chairman, it was not officially received or given the weight of sworn testimony until more than a month later. From that time on until a few days before the campaign closed the Committee held daily sessions. Some of the more important statements made before that Committee have already been reported in The Outlook. A great deal of the so-called testimony consisted of hearsay evidence that was practically worthless. Some of the facts elicited were given a significance which they did not possess. For example, every large contribution established by the evidence has been supposed in some quarters to be a sign of corruption, or at least of political demoralization. This is pure assumption. There is no reason why a man of wealth should not give of his money to a political cause in which he believes, so long as there is no agreement expressed or implied that he is to get special favors in return. One reader of The Outlook, who is evidently not a Progressive, thinks that it was unfair of The Outlook not to state that Mr. Dan R. Hanna, of Ohio, had contributed one hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars to the Progressive cause. This reader evidently thinks that that is damaging. But that is no more damaging either to Mr. Hanna or to the Progressive cause than it is damaging to Mr. Charles P. Taft or the Republican cause that Mr. Taft contributed very many thousands of dollars on behalf of his brother's candidacy. It seems to us that both of these contributions are entirely creditable.

**A Wrong Impression**

One witness before this Committee, whose testimony we referred to, has objected to The Outlook's report of it. We used the following words:

> Indefinite statements with regard to the expenditure of these funds seemed common in the testimony before the Committee. Thus Mr. Ogden Mills, the New York County Republican treasurer, could only estimate what was spent in the primary campaign in the county.

Mr. Mills writes us as follows:

> This is grossly inaccurate in every particular. I submitted to the Senate Committee an itemized statement of money received and expended by me in my capacity as treasurer of the Republican County Committee, showing from whom the money was received and for what purpose each specific sum was expended.
>
> I also submitted the full amount raised by me in my individual capacity and turned over to Mr. McKinley's agent, giving at the same time the name of each contributor, together with the amount contributed by him.
>
> In answer to a question of the Committee as to how much was expended by Mr. McKinley's local agent, I stated that I was unable to give the figures from my own knowledge, but it was my belief that such a sum did not exceed $24,000.
>
> It was perfectly clear from my testimony that every cent handled by me, either individually or in my capacity as treasurer of the Republican County Committee, was accounted for, not in round figures or from memory, but that in each case the exact amount was given and copies of my books submitted.

The statement which we made is not incompatible with Mr. Mills's statement, but it evidently has given to Mr. Mills, and therefore probably has given to other readers, an impression which The Outlook did not intend to convey. We had not thought of implying that Mr. Mills did not give an accounting of the money for which he was responsible. Mr. Mills's own statement, however, shows that there was money raised in New York County for that primary campaign of which he had no exact account, and concerning which he can offer only an estimate. The statement made by The Outlook is in substance that which was made by newspapers friendly to the party, and to the candidate of the party, to which Mr. Mills belongs. For example, concerning Mr. Mills's testimony the Boston "Evening Transcript" reports: "Mr. Mills raised seven thousand and twenty-five dollars for that organization. He said he had no information as to the amount of money raised in New York for the general use of the Taft National campaign." The New York "Tribune" uses the same words. The "Sun," another supporter of Mr. Taft, says that Mr. Mills "estimated" the sum expended by the Taft managers in New York County in the primary campaign. There is nothing at all derogatory to Mr. Mills in this statement. But it does afford an illustration of the indefiniteness of the statements made before the Committee concerning the expenditure of campaign funds. We take this first opportunity we have for putting Mr. Mills's side before our readers. Our original statement, it seems to us, correctly states the facts. The Outlook has

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reported the contribution of Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick, of the International Harvester Company, to Mr. Wilson's pre-Convention campaign. It has now been announced that upon hearing of this contribution Mr. Wilson requested a few days ago that that contribution be returned. We see no reason why it should be returned any more than any other contribution. Certainly the return of the contribution does not affect the result which that contribution helped to secure—Mr. Wilson's nomination—and, moreover, it singles out Mr. McCormick's contribution as if there was something wrong about it. We believe that this is entirely unjust to Mr. McCormick. It is possible that some of the facts secured by means of these hearings may help the framing of laws concerning the financing of campaigns. It is, however, equally likely that a good deal of this so-called testimony may help to darken counsel on the subject. We trust that when the heat of the campaign has subsided Senators and Representatives will approach this subject with more common sense than has been shown during the hearings themselves.

**The Balkan War: Land Warfare**

Last week the most important battle so far in the Balkan war was fought. It occurred at Lule-Burgas, a town on the line of the railway running northwest from Constantinople. It resulted in the rout of about two hundred thousand Turks under the command of Nazim Pasha, Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief. This defeat exposes the capital itself to attack. The main Turkish army has now fallen back to the forts of Tchataldja, only twenty-five miles from Constantinople. As the more timorous fear for the safety of foreigners in Turkish towns, the European Powers have sent their war-ships to various Turkish ports for the protection of foreign life and property. The Balkan war has now been three weeks in progress. It has been a wonderful three weeks. The first week the war was between Turkey and Montenegro only; the Montenegrins had an uninterrupted success. The second week the Bulgarians, Servians, and Greeks joined the Montenegrins. The Bulgarians advanced from their frontier to Adrianople, which they have now "bottled up;" the second week brings them to within fifty miles of Constantinople. The first week saw the Servian occupancy of Novibazar; the second week finds the Servians in possession of the city of Uskub to the south, in their former territory, now known as Old Servia. The first week of the larger war saw the Montenegrins in possession of all the fortresses between their southern border and Scutari, the most important town in northern Albania; they have now entirely surrounded the city and lake of Scutari; the Montenegrin operations to the east now include the captures of the cities of Prizrend and Ipek—in the Middle Ages Ipek was the capital of the Servian patriarchs. The first week of the war saw Greece advance through the Stone Gates into her ancient province of Epirus and capture the towns about Mount Olympus; the second week finds the Greek army within fifty miles of Salonika. In accordance with the understanding among the allies before the war began, every captured town is being fortified as quickly and as strongly as possible, cannon taken from the Turks being mounted and made ready for use. Why all these successes on the part of the allies, and why the corresponding failure in Turkish resistance? The Turks have disputed the way, it is true, and there have been fierce and long-contested battles. But it is also true that the Turkish army has fallen back, not only in the endeavor to draw the allies further from their bases of supplies, but also for the more mortifying reason that the Turks have made a sorry spectacle in the fighting so far. There may be three reasons for this. The first, of course, is that the allies struck a swifter blow than was expected, and at a time when the Turkish army had not had time to meet the blow. The second is that the recent Young Turk Cabinet had recalled many of the older and more experienced officers of the army, replacing them by Young Turk officers. The third is that, in its desire to Ottomanize the Empire, the Young Turk Cabinet had compelled non-Mohammedans to fight in the army, not realizing that these, if opportunity presented itself, would prove deserters.

**The Balkan War: Sea Warfare**

Alone among the allies, Greece has a navy as well as an army, and the work of that navy has been interesting. The first week of the war the Greek navy captured the important island of Lemnos, off the coast of Asia Minor, and last week captured the islands of Samothrace, to the north, and Thasos, off the south coast of Turkey-in-

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Europe. As the population of all these islands is mainly Greek, the captors were received with enthusiasm. As to the islands further south, Turkey has the advantage of continued control. It was feared that Italy would not conclude peace without insisting that Rhodes and the other eleven islands captured by her should become either Italian or, as their population is mainly Greek, pass to Greek control. At this point, however, Italy collided with the other European Powers. For the vital point to them was not the cession of Tripoli, but the occupation of the islands. Germany and Austria, acting together, wish to control the country between the present Austrian border and the Ægean Sea. For Austria there would be enough local advantages to make up for any effort in thus rounding out her empire. For Germany, her ally, there would be the advantage of having a friendly country between the Fatherland and Asia Minor, which may become Germany's greatest colony. But Russia also wants to move southward. Italy, in possession of the islands, might have threatened both Austrian ships and Russian ships. It is now Greece's turn. The gallant little Greek navy may now upset the plans of the Powers—indeed, the British naval adviser appointed last year may have been doing double duty. Another deed of the Greek navy last week was the sinking of the Turkish battle-ship Feth-i-Bulend by a Greek torpedo-boat in the Gulf of Salonika, the enterprise being carried out apparently unobserved within range of the guns from the Turkish forts. The battle-ship's crew numbered over two hundred men.

**The Balkan War and the United States**

The Balkan war is of special interest to the United States because of the large numbers of Greeks, Bulgars, and Serbs in this country. There are more Greeks here than any other of the above peoples. By the new army law in Greece, all reservists are called back from foreign countries to service in the army. It is said that ten thousand Greeks have already left this country, and that twenty thousand more will go. Should the war continue, other thousands will probably go; and, with this prospect, those industries in which Greeks are employed will probably suffer. In the cities the Greeks are most prominent in hotels and restaurants —indeed, some restaurants employ Greek waiters, dishwashers, and helpers exclusively. Throughout the country, however, Greeks are employed in large numbers in other callings—especially in those so curiously contrasted as the manufacture of tobacco and confectionery, and iron, coal, lead, and zinc mining. The Utah coal mines and the lead and zinc mines of Illinois employ many thousand Greeks—indeed, a dozen of the Illinois mines have had to close because of the exodus of Greeks and other foreigners. All the returning Greeks are enthusiastic over the prospect of war success, especially as they read the accounts of the victories already achieved. They fully expect that these successes will finally assure to them what they were fighting for in 1897 with Turkey—the definite possession of the island of Crete—as well as the possession of the islands once theirs and captured during the past fortnight. Enthusiasm also marks the other returning peoples. Like the Greeks, the Bulgarians and the Serbs look forward to a recovery of lost territory—the Bulgars to getting again the Bulgarian Empire, such as existed under their Czar Simeon centuries ago; and the Serbs to getting back Old Servia, to which they have an even greater ethnic and historic claim. Several thousand Servians are waiting in New York to be sent back, but as there is no Servian port they must perforce go by way of Greece or Montenegro. As to the Montenegrins in America, although the smallest in proportion, as would be expected from a nation of only a quarter of a million inhabitants, their patriotism is in disproportion to their numbers, as will be noted from the remark of one of the Minnesota miners: "There will not be an able-bodied Montenegrin left on the iron range if the war continues."

**"Recognition" in International Law**

The seizure of the port of Vera Cruz in Mexico by insurgents under the leadership of Felix Diaz, a nephew of the deposed President of that name, brought into discussion recently the question as to whether it might not become desirable for the United States to recognize the new insurgent movement so far as to concede to the insurgents the rights of belligerents. The sudden collapse of the Diaz movement and the capture of its leader have made the immediate importance of the question slight, but the general condition of affairs in Mexico, and, still more so, the relations of this country to the new Republic of China, which are dis-

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cussed below, make it worth while to consider what a neutral country may do in this matter of recognizing belligerents or in recognizing a new government. A confusion of ideas seems to exist on this subject. There seems to be a prevalent belief that the recognition of a state of belligerency is equivalent to an indorsement of the justice of a cause. Nothing is further from the fact, nor does such recognition in any degree imply an acknowledgment of the independence of a dependency in which a revolution may be going on. Generally speaking, recognition of belligerency means that the forces so recognized are not merely rioters, brigands, or lawless mobs, but that their armed acts are in the nature of a war. Recognition of belligerency as to insurgents is merely, in the words of one authority on international law, "the granting to the revolutionary party in a foreign state the rights of war which it would have if it were in the position of an independent belligerent." This is simply admitting that the conflict is not local or trivial, but one which may affect the interests of other countries. The most notable illustration is that of Great Britain's recognition as belligerents of the Southern Confederacy in 1861, which was quickly followed by the same action on the part of other foreign Powers. This was beyond doubt entirely justifiable, but the proposed recognition of the Confederacy's independence by France was, says, in effect, Woolsey's "International Law," at no time justifiable, because at no time was the success of the South more than a possibility. In short, recognition either of belligerency or of independence, to be in accordance with international law, must be based on actually existing conditions. The reason why it seemed probable that the occupation the other day of Vera Cruz might call for action on the part of the United States was that for the first time the Mexican insurgents had possession of a seaport, and that questions of blockade and of neutral commerce would be likely to arise. In several cases the United States has done precisely the thing proposed as regards the Mexican insurgents with relation to revolutionary movements in other countries, and without in any sense making itself an ally of or committing itself either to one side or the other. Recognition of belligerency is made by proclamation. On the other hand, the recognition of a new government as being a government *de facto* is almost always informal, and really consists only of acts by which a working relation is maintained between the two governments in the usual transactions between two countries carrying on commerce and other amicable relations one with the other. So, too, when a government *de facto* is so well established that it is entitled to be considered a government *de jure;* a friendly foreign nation does not necessarily issue a proclamation of recognition, but shows its stand by such formal acts as the crediting of an ambassador to the new government and by the taking up of really important diplomatic questions with it. Let us now apply this definition of the various processes of recognition to the interesting state of affairs which exists between the United States and China.

**The Recognition of the Chinese Republic**

While our Government is in practical and every-day working relations with the new Chinese Government, there has been as yet no formal recognition. This has occasioned protests, and during the past month two important public protests have appeared. The first comes from the Chinese-American League of Justice. It declares that "all actual revolutionary conflict has terminated in China, and the disturbances reported in the daily press are not of a revolutionary character, but are only semi-political." Hence the new Chinese Government, it concludes, should be formally recognized by ours. The protest fitly includes these words: "The Republic of China cost its people much suffering, much bitter sacrifice, and much bloodshed. It is built on the same sacred principles that form the foundation of American freedom, liberty, and equality." The second protest is an open letter to the President by Major Louis Livingston Seaman, the eminent surgeon and authority on the Far East. Dr. Seaman is also President of the China Society of America. He says that our delay "not only prevents the prosperity and development of the country [China], but menaces its very life by threatening the maintenance of the integrity of its territory." No specific instances, however, are mentioned. Dr. Seaman adds: "The opportunity of cementing the friendship of a third of the human race should not be lightly neglected." Certainly not. Our general feeling towards China was shown last spring by the unanimous passage through Congress of a resolu-

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tion recommending the immediate recognition of the Republic. Why, then, do we not formally recognize it? A first reason, we may assume from the protest, is that our Government has been somewhat "held up" by the other Governments—the English, French, German, Russian, and Japanese—with which it has been connected in the friendly proposal to loan enough money to the Chinese Republic to start it adequately in the business of government. Dr. Seaman refers to a "feeling" that the Powers expected to use this loan "for their own purposes and not for the best interest of the new Republic." That may be true of a few bankers, and possibly of Russia and Japan among the Powers. But most of the bankers, and at least four of the Governments, there is reason to assume, honestly believe that the conditions of the loan are in China's real interest. Of course no banker expects to engage in any loan without proper recompense and guarantee. Yet, with one exception, the conditions of the loan do not indicate a lack of appreciation of China's "best interest." The one exception is the provision for foreign supervision of the salt tax—the security for the loan. Any proud and self-respecting nation, we agree, would hardly submit to such a provision, even though it had for many years submitted, as China has done, to a foreign supervision of the collection of maritime taxes. But as those are collected at the ports, they do not touch the country as a whole as would the collection of the salt tax. The provision should be removed, and doubtless will be.

**The Reason for Delay**

The real reason for the delay in recognition is revealed in the State Department's reply to the China Society: "It is the disposition of the Executive to accord recognition at the earliest opportunity afforded under the established usages of international law." So far as we understand it, our Government's policy in the recognition of new governments has been to apply the *de facto* test; that is to say, when we are satisfied that a new authority in power exists, with the acquiescence of the governed, and is able to discharge all international obligations, our policy has been, pending final organization, to enter into practical relations with the temporary Government of such a state. But were "the established usages of international law" followed in our recognition of the Republics of Brazil and Portugal? asks Dr. Seaman. As to Brazil, immediately upon the Emperor's dethronement, in 1889, our Government instructed the American Minister at Rio de Janeiro, first, to obtain diplomatic relations with the Provisional Government, and, second, as soon as a majority of Brazilians should assent to the establishment of the Republic to give to it on behalf of the United States formal and cordial recognition. When it was ascertained that the Brazilian Government had popular approval and support, our Government recognized it as a Republic *in fact*. In the case of Portugal, our Government entered into practical relations with the proclaimed Provisional Government formed in 1910 under Senhor Braga's Presidency. When that Government summoned a Constitutional Assembly, and that Assembly proclaimed a Republic, our Government instantly recognized the Assembly's action. The Portuguese precedent will, of course, be followed in the case of the new Chinese Government, with which we are already in cordial working relations. But we wait on China's necessary action as a precedent to formal recognition. Last February the Chinese Foreign Office notified our Legation at Peking that China had entered upon a formative period of new government, and that the "Provisional United Government" had decided to continue the Chinese Minister accredited to the United States, and to designate him, temporarily, "Provisional Diplomatic Agent." The following day that Minister officially informed our Government that the Emperor, in abdicating, had invested Yuan Shi-kai with power to establish a republican form of government, and that, pending such establishment, the diplomatic and consular officers of China abroad would continue in the discharge of their functions. Hence, agreeably with our established policy, our Government admitted the Chinese Minister to full relation with the State Department, and ordered our Minister at Peking to continue in the exercise of his office. Thus, during the earliest period of the new Chinese Government—which announces itself to exist provisionally in virtue of an Imperial decree, and to be formative only—the two countries have been practically in full relations. When the existing Provisional Government is changed into a permanent constitutional Government, with the assent of the governed, it will, of course, be promptly recognized.

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When will that be? Presumably as soon as the Chinese hold their elections and the parliament convenes and takes action. The delegates to the present Assembly at Peking were not elected by the people at large. Elections for a permanent Parliament were to take place not later than six months from last April, when Sun Yat-sen, the Provisional President chosen at Nanking, resigned in favor of Yuan Shi-kai, chosen at Peking. Thus the elections should occur about this time. As Article 53 of the Provisional Constitution declares that the Provisional President shall convene Parliament within ten months of the promulgation of the provisional Constitution, we may expect the first meeting of Parliament to take place in February, at which time we hope and expect the formal recognition of the Chinese Republic by ours, and not only by ours, but by the other Powers, among whom we are regarded as a leader in all that concerns China. That recognition will, we are convinced, swiftly follow the convening of a duly authorized national Parliament, and its declaration in favor of a Republic, together with its election of a permanent President.

The Woman Suffrage Movement in China

The impression has gone forth that women in China have already been granted equal suffrage with men. The rumor obtained because, when the provisional Assembly was in session at Nanking, the ancient Chinese capital, a number of native suffragettes marched into the Assembly and petitioned that the suffrage be immediately granted to women. This being refused, the ladies acted exactly as their British sisters have done—they shouted and shrieked and smashed windows. They petitioned the Assembly again and again. Finally, in order to free itself from further friction, that body passed a resolution expressing an opinion in favor of equal suffrage. Now the Assembly was only a provisional body, and hence could not make any final decision on this question for the nation; but it did recommend favorable action to the National Assembly, then being organized to represent the country after the definitive union of the north and the south, a body soon to be superseded by a regularly elected Parliament. But the suffragettes took a different view. They acted as if the suffrage had already been granted to them. When the National Assembly opened its sessions, last June, at Peking, the capital, a petition was presented reminding that body of the provisional Assembly's promise. But the petition was in vain, if we may judge from the Suffrage Act passed in July, which will soon be tested by an actual popular election to a permanent Parliament. The Act made no provision for women's votes. Even the vote to male citizens was granted only under strict limitations. Any male citizen of the Chinese Republic over twenty-one years old may vote if he has resided two years in his election district and has paid a direct tax exceeding two silver dollars, or owns real estate valued at more than five hundred silver dollars, or is the graduate of a primary school. But no citizen may vote if the Government had suspended his citizenship, or if he is an illiterate, a bankrupt, an insane person, or—last but not least—an opium-smoker.

American Missions Imperiled in Korea

An important conference was held recently in New York City to consider a somewhat serious crisis that has arisen in Korea, one which seriously affects Christian missionary work in that country and conceivably may grow into such proportions as to affect indirectly the relations between Japan and the United States. It is an old proverb that a little matter may kindle a great fire, and it is a subject of congratulation that wise men have taken this matter up in time to prevent what might otherwise grow into serious contention. Christian missions have had a great success in Korea. There are said to be 300,000 members of Christian churches in that country, including catechumens—that is, those who have definitely become Christians, but have not yet been received into full membership pending further instruction and observation. Japan grants, both in her own country and in her provinces, full religious liberty, and the Christian Church has the same standing before the law in Japan as the Buddhist Temple. But the Koreans are uneasy and discontented under the Japanese occupation of their country. It is certain that under that occupation order, peace, and civilization have been promoted. It is also certain that conditions are far more favorable for the Christian Church under Japanese occupation than they would have been under Russian occupation; and such was the course of events in the East that, if Japan had

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not occupied Korea, Russia would have occupied it. But Christianity is the only social religion in that country. The Buddhist worships in his temple in solitude. The Christians gather in assemblies of considerable size, and their worship is accompanied with singing and with public addresses. In many villages the Christian church is the only assembly-room, and the Korean Christians gathering in these assembly-rooms become an object of suspicion to the military authorities. In some cases this suspicion is intensified by wholly innocent incidents, such as the singing of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," or a sermon on David and Goliath. In other cases it may conceivably, though not at all probably, be justified by incidents that are not wholly innocent. The American missionaries have apparently taken very great pains to keep the Christian churches from any appearances of revolutionary or even political tendencies; but some of the native Christians have been accused of not being equally careful. Some of them have been arrested and tried for stirring up insurrection. These trials have been conducted according to the Japanese criminal law, which is largely borrowed from the Code Napoléon and in its methods is unlike the Anglo-Saxon law, and seems to the Anglo-Saxon lacking in necessary protection for the accused. It is even affirmed that in some instances these Christians have been subjected to torture and that confessions have been thus extorted from them. This is denied by the Government officials, and the American must bear in mind that what is euphemistically called the "third degree" is not uncommon in police examinations in some of our own States. One hundred and six of these Christian Koreans have been condemned. An appeal has been taken, and their case is now to go to the higher courts. The conference to which we have referred was called by certain of the missionary boards working in Korea for the purpose of getting the counsel of disinterested Americans upon the situation as presented.

**Pacific Counsels**

Among those who took part in this conference were Dr. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard; Dr. Hadley, President of Yale; Dr. Seth Low, former President of Columbia; Professor Jenks, now of New York University; the Hon. John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State; the Hon. James Brown Scott, formerly solicitor for the Department of State. The importance of the conference is indicated by the fact that, although the notice was very short, all those who were invited attended, except two or three unavoidably detained by previous engagements. The judgment of the conference was unanimous that the Mission Boards were right in believing that the United States Government could not, directly or indirectly, interfere. If American citizens had been arrested, the Government might possibly interest itself in the matter, but it would be an international impertinence for the American Government to interfere in the trial of Japanese subjects by Japanese courts, as it would be an international impertinence for the Japanese Government to interfere with the trial of Filipinos by American courts. There was, however, a general agreement that, informally and unofficially, representatives of the American interests in Korea, especially representatives of the American churches, might bring the matter again, as heretofore, to the attention of the Imperial Government in Japan, and might with entire propriety raise the funds necessary to secure eminent Japanese lawyers to present the case of the Korean ministers before the Japanese courts. There appear to us to be two perils involved in this situation: one, the peril to individual Christian ministers who may be unjustly condemned because of natural, though perhaps groundless, suspicions; the other, the peril to the amicable relations between Japan and the United States, which might easily be aggravated if unscrupulous journals were to lay hold on the facts which we have here stated, and, by misrepresentation or partial and imperfect representation, take the occasion to inflame American prejudice against Japan. So far as we can judge from such examination of the facts as we have been able to give, the American leaders of the Christian churches in Korea are taking the utmost pains to avoid every occasion of offense. If the actual facts can be brought in a conciliatory manner to the attention of the Japanese Imperial authorities, there is no reason why the not unnatural suspicions of local officials should grow into a national suspicion, and we trust that the conference may result in both providing a fair trial for the accused Korean Christians and preventing any inflaming of race and religious prejudice between the Japanese and the Americans.

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**Safeguards for the "Movies"**

Three hundred thousand people in New York City alone throng the seven hundred motion-picture shows every day. Yet for this vast public there is no law fully protecting health and safety. This result is partly due to the fact that the Building Code exempts those places under a 300 seating capacity from its elaborate and costly provisions, yet provides no special rules for those below 300. Hence the vast majority of moving-picture shows are of the typical "store-front" kind, which seat not a soul over 300. For these places there remain only old, hopelessly insufficient laws, the duty of enforcing which is scattered among seven city departments, with numerous twilight zones of authority. Much confusion and neglect result. The public is served by hundreds of cramped, ill-ventilated houses, poorly lighted, sometimes overcrowded, sometimes dangerous. Many of these houses defy the State law by admitting children under sixteen without parent or guardian. The entertainment is lowered in many cases by vaudeville of necessarily the cheapest kind. To remedy all this and to bring healthful, safe, clean conditions into the theater, and to give a better show, there is proposed a "Folk Ordinance," framed after searching investigation here and in Europe, and indorsed by the People's Institute and recreation societies. This safeguards the public and gives the showman fair measure. It recognizes that the latter cannot pay for the imperative improvements without a larger income; so it raises the seating capacity of strictly motion-picture houses from 300 to 600, while still freeing them from the excessive cost of coming under the Building Code. The improvements required are excellent, and for the most part the ordinance is retroactive on all existing moving-picture theaters. Every such building, for instance, must be lighted during the entire performance so well that one may be able to read ordinary print. As an aid in fire and to prevent panic, the public is to be further protected by many minutely specified improvements, such as adequate exits, fire-escapes, outside doors opening out, fireproof stairs, metal-covered floors and ceilings, seats fastened to the floor, ample aisles, the prohibition of "standees," and by a safer operating booth, with flues reaching the outside air. To safeguard health reasonable appliances are required, not only to insure a specific amount of cubic air space, but for the introduction without direct draughts of copious fresh air, to be kept in motion by electric fans; when the temperature is below 60° outside, it must be between 62° and 70° within.

**Other Improvements Would Follow**

Vaudeville, stage, and scenery would be abolished, by the passage of the Folk Ordinance, in these small motion-picture theaters, though song, recitation, music, and lectures could be given. Two things would be accomplished by thus abolishing vaudeville: the fire risk would be much less, since everything inflammable—scenery, costumes, etc.—would be gone from the front of the hall; and the entertainment itself would be more dignified, since in the small houses the vaudeville is almost impossible to regulate. All these improvements could be installed without raising the present price of admission, because more tickets would be sold. Authority would be given to inspectors from the License Bureau to issue licenses only after all improvements have been installed, and to investigate shows and report violations of decency to the Mayor, who can revoke the license. With the vaudeville eliminated and the films judged, as now, by the National Board of Censorship of Motion Pictures before "release," there should be a minimum of objections to the entertainments. It is believed that much of the Folk Ordinance could be adopted in many other cities which desire to improve the conditions surrounding the moving-picture performances. Though the Folk Ordinance makes provision for educational and religious moving-picture entertainments in schools and churches, this vast possible development in New York State must wait for a proposed amendment to an antiquated State law. This law provides that the operating booth shall be of such size and of such heavy materials that a practically permanent structure weighing about two thousand pounds is required—out of the question to build into most churches and schools. The amendment permits a much lighter but just as safe portable booth, and also provides for the use under proper restrictions of the "home" miniature moving-picture machines, which have almost endless possibilities for school, charitable society, and scientific institution. The Folk Ordinance will doubtless meet with opposition from rivals and commercial interests concerned, and to some extent from persons whose

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motives are conscientious but whose knowledge of the subject is incomplete.

Offensive Advertising: England and France

The crusade against offensive advertising has been vigorously started in this country, chiefly by the American Civic Association, and is having more or less success. Our crusaders should take heart from the example of England and France. In 1893 the Scapa Society of England began its work of calling public attention to inartistic advertising; and finally, in 1907, Parliament adopted the principle advocated by the Society by passing an Advertisements Regulation Act. This act empowered local authorities to frame by-laws "for regulating, restricting, or preventing the exhibition of advertisements in such manner or by such means as to affect injuriously the amenities of a public park or pleasure promenade or to disfigure the natural beauty of a landscape." It is only now, however, so we learn from the London "Spectator," that local authorities show a general disposition to avail themselves of the provisions of this law. The Home Office was to carry out those provisions. Its method was to schedule defined areas. But this did not work. So the Home Secretary ordered that no advertisement should be exhibited on any stand or other erection visible from any highway and so placed as to disfigure the natural beauty of the landscape. The "Spectator" instances such a pleasure resort as Scarborough and such a historic city as Exeter as among those places where the success of the crusade against offensive advertising has been specially evident. Turning to France, we find that in 1906 the French Parliament passed a law providing for the protection of sites and natural "monuments" of artistic character. Under this act commissions were constituted for each of the eighty-six departments into which France is divided. The commissions consisted of the prefect of the department, its chief engineer, the heads of the forest and water bureaus, two members of the council, and five persons of distinction in art and literature. The commissions were to frame a list of lands whose preservation would have general interest because of the picturesque character of the views involved. The owners of these lands were then to be asked not to destroy or alter the aspect of the lands in the list without the departmental commission's permission. If the owner refused, the prefect was empowered to expropriate any such property. The next step was to obtain legal powers to prevent defacement. In 1910 the Legislature granted these; indeed, it empowered the prohibition of any advertising at all within a zone to be defined by a prefectoral order. The legislation just passed goes still further. Its aim is to tax the *affiches*, or large signs, out of existence. Advertisers will have to pay fifty francs (ten dollars) a square yard, and a proportionate rate for larger areas of advertising space. But, in the view of the new law, the persons putting up the *affiches* are not alone responsible. The owner of the sites is also responsible, and is liable to a special duty on his gains from this source. When we record the fact that the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate passed this law unanimously and without discussion, the impressive character of the event is sufficiently indicated.

A School Gymnasium

The development of secondary boarding-schools for boys in this country during the past few years has been notable. Old foundations, like the Phillips Academy at Andover and the Philips Academy at Exeter, have gained in material and educational resources. Schools founded within the present generation, like St. Paul's, Groton, Hotchkiss, Lawrenceville, and The Hill School, have established themselves on permanent foundations. This result has sometimes been accomplished by devoted and clear-headed masters dealing with large bodies of alumni, and sometimes by men like Dr. John Meigs, who have the genius not only for teaching but for school-building. The Mercersburg Academy, in the beautiful Cumberland Valley in Pennsylvania, has grown in like manner and for the same reason, Dr. and Mrs. Irvine bringing to a great opportunity the spirit of leadership, unselfish devotion, and tireless industry. The equipment of this school, which now numbers more than four hundred boys, has been materially enlarged by the building of an impressive and well-appointed gymnasium in memory of a Mercersburg boy, Carl Lewis Nolde by name. In his address of dedication Dr. Irvine spoke of him as a boy of "clean, pure character, energetic, self-controlled, and faithful," who died very near the day of his graduation, and of whom the head master said, "Like a lighthouse, he simply kept shining." A Mercersburg boy

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was one of the conspicuous winners in the Olympian games at Stockholm last summer. And the head master finely interpreted the spirit of the Academy when he declared of the new gymnasium that it was "to tell the story of divinity in the human body." The Rev. Dr. N. M. Waters, of Brooklyn, who also spoke, said that a man who develops his brain only is one-third of a man; the man who develops his soul only is one-third of a man; but the man who develops his brain, his soul, and his body is a complete man; and he gave a vivid interpretation of the picture of the Mercersburg athlete which Mr. Blashfield is to paint on the walls of the trophy room in the gymnasium.

**Safe Travel, the Saloon, and Railway Employees' Clubs**

Nearly twoscore lives were lost within the year through collisions on railway lines protected by automatic block signals. Though the mechanism did its duty, the human factor failed. Signals were either not seen or disobeyed. These disasters emphasized the fact that safe travel depends as much upon the clear eyes and brain, upon the effective coordination of the railway man's mind and senses, as upon automatic safety appliances. Further emphasis was given this fact by a recent bulletin of the Inter-State Commerce Commission analyzing the accident records of the country's railways. This bulletin reported that the Southern Pacific system had carried 150,000,000 persons in the four years ending June 30, 1912, without killing a single passenger through collision or derailment. In connection with this report it is significant that the Southern Pacific and the allied lines of the Harriman group have for six years carried on a systematic, startlingly effective war against the saloon—the railroader's worst foe. The lines supplemented the strict enforcement of Rule G, prohibiting the use of intoxicants on or off duty, by erecting sixteen club-houses for the employees at operating centers. Neat rooms, well-cooked, wholesome food of the best quality, non-intoxicating drinks, cigars, candy, and tobacco were provided for the men in these club-houses. Billiard and pool tables, bowling alleys, libraries, shower-baths, lounging-places, halls for dances and meetings, were placed at their disposal. Almost from the beginning these club-houses became extremely popular, and proved to be powerful factors in enforcing Rule G, effective competitors of the saloon. In one small railway town of three thousand souls twenty-nine saloons flourished when the club-house was opened. Six months later half a dozen drinking-places closed their doors. The others showed fight. Club-house employees were bribed to give poor service, cooks were induced to poison the men's food; as a last resort, the entire club-house crew was bought to go on strike. But the saloons lost. Two years after the opening of the club only seven of the original twenty-nine bars were left. Twenty-two closed their bars for lack of patronage. At Tucson the floor of the club-house had to be relaid four times in six years. At Green River, a Wyoming division point so desolate and dreary that few workers remained after the first pay-day, the club-house lengthened the average term of service from less than thirty to more than ninety days. Everywhere the division superintendents reported greater efficiency, sobriety, and self-respect among club-house patrons. Undoubtedly the clubs' influence upon the human factor assisted materially in bringing about the record of four years' safe travel. The victories won in the fight against the saloon by the institution have been permanent and progressive, thanks to the novel principles upon which the management of the club-houses is based. F. G. Athearn, the social engineer who founded the clubs, realized that institutions similar to the Young Men's Christian Associations would not reach the class of men he dealt with. Departing from the accepted standards of social welfare work, Mr. Athearn studied the methods of the enemy, the saloon, and adapted them to the railway's purposes. The saloon requires neither dues nor membership cards from its patrons. Neither do the railway clubs. They are open day and night to every employee who wishes to make use of their facilities. As in the saloon, all club patrons stand upon a plane of social equality—the same courtesy that greets the aristocratic engineer or conductor is extended to the humble section worker. Like the home and the saloon, the walls of the club-houses are innocent of signs prohibiting swearing, smoking, expectorating. There are no rules of conduct. The men's freedom of movement and action is as unrestricted as it is in the saloon. But the subtle influence of wholesome, neat environment has in no instance failed to prevent abuses. The men are expected to behave as gentlemen—and they do. They pay their way just as they

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do in the saloon, though no profit is derived from the operation of the club-houses except the indirect benefit resulting from cleaner, stronger, healthier manhood. Social welfare workers will find food for reflection in the remarkable success of this enterprise, which vigorously suppressed every tinge of paternalism and patronage in order to lay hands upon that most elusive, unwilling individual, the adult, independent, self-respecting worker, and keep him out of the danger zone of the saloon.

**Is Art Decadent?** Mr. George Moore is a well-known English art critic. But he is a pessimist, and the habit of being a pessimist seems to have grown upon him. He recently issued a statement to the effect that art had now reached its climax, and that henceforth we must expect to go down hill. Mr. Moore's position seems to be that ours is emphatically an industrial and commercial age; hence the expression of that age is seen in various mercantile enterprises and works of engineering rather than in art production. The rejoinders of American art critics have not been wanting, and among them that of Mr. William M. R. French (as published in the New York "Times"), Director of the Art Institute of Chicago, deserves quotation. "My own prosaic idea," he says, "is that it is a matter of supply and demand." He explains this thus:

> In Athens the State furnished a demand for art. In the Renaissance the Church furnished the same demand. . . . With us the same thing is happening through the extension of mural painting and the freer use of sculpture in connection with architecture. On a lower plane modern illustration has made the practice of art into a profession equal in its rewards to other professions, so that an enterprising young man need not fear to follow it. With the opportunity will come the men.

As to art in general, Mr. French denies that it is at a low ebb. It is true, says he, that Greek sculpture stands confessedly unequaled, and yet "within fifty years we have had sculptors equal to any except the Greek, unless it be one or two men of the Renaissance." As to painting, we have of course the inevitable reference to Whistler. His production in painting looks limited, Mr. French admits, when compared with that of the great masters. But that is no reason for asserting that there are no longer any national schools of painting. "I believe it is true," declares Mr. French, "that a practiced critic can pick out the American paintings in the Paris Salon by sight as soon as his eyes rest upon them. No doubt the same is true of the English and Spanish, for example." Mr. French's position is justified by the facts, and we are therefore glad to add further publicity to his statement.

**Forestry in New York State** During the past summer the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University acquired over eighteen hundred acres of cut-over land in the Adirondacks for educational and experimental work. The land was given to the University by the Rich Lumber Company. In its operations this Company has endeavored not to denude the immediate shores of Cranberry Lake, along which it has been operating for a number of years; consequently the lands contain more green timber than is usually found. It is also significant that a lumber company which has long operated according to older methods of logging should wish to help in educational work by placing so large a tract of land in the hands of an educational institution. While lumbermen have been taking an active interest in forestry education, few of them have done more in adopting improved methods of management than to carry on utilization a little more fully and to pay more attention to the protection of their timber. This latest gift of forest land, though relatively a small tract, should, of course, be so effectively reforested and managed as to become an object-lesson for the entire State. A particular and gratifying immediate result to be noted is the establishment of a State Ranger School. There has long been need to train a class of young men to fill the gap between the average woodman and the trained forester; indeed, in this country it seems difficult to train a man for any intermediate position when so much opportunity for advancement exists, fortunately, about us. Some attempts have been made to establish regular courses in the Western States, and one or two colleges there are now giving regular range work. The New York College of Forestry's Ranger School will offer a one-year and a two-year course of training. Both courses will lead to such positions as guards, rangers, forest estate managers, tree-planting experts, and nursery foremen.

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**Billy Rugh, Hero**

The rôle of heroes is a long one, and is always receiving additions; for this age, which is so often described as unheroic, lives from hour to hour by the heroism of an army of men and women. The latest name to be added to the shining list of those who face death for some principle or cause, or who make some great sacrifice for an unselfish end, is that of Billy Rugh, of Gary, Indiana, who sold newspapers. A young woman, severely burned as the result of a motor cycle accident, was in danger of death because skin could not be procured for the grafting operation. Rugh, who had been a cripple from childhood and whose left leg was practically useless, heard of the case, went to the hospital, and offered his leg to the surgeons for use in the emergency. He was warned that amputation would be necessary, and very dangerous. His answer was, "If it will save the girl, take it off;" and he added, with the quick humor characteristic of his class, "I'll save money—you know I'll have to buy only one shoe." The leg was amputated and the grafting operation successfully performed; but Billy Rugh paid the extreme penalty of his heroism, saying quietly, as he went out of the world, "Yes, I'm going; but I was some good to the world, after all." Such a modern instance of the old virtue of the men about whom Plutarch wrote is only one of the countless refutations of the slander that heroism has died out of the modern world. On the contrary, it has become so much a part of modern life that it is taken for granted. But Billy Rugh ought to be remembered. His was the quiet courage which faces death without the support of the bugle-note or the encouragement of a multitude of onlookers.

**A Bird Haven**

Mrs. Russell Sage has added another item to the list of her public-spirited benefactions. Her latest good deed is the purchase of Marsh Island, in the Gulf of Mexico on the Louisiana coast, as a bird haven. This island, it is asserted, is one of the best which could be chosen for refuge purposes. In their spring and autumn migrations it is the stopping-place for many varieties of birds, and in the winter it is frequented by great numbers of wild fowl. It is a natural refuge and building-place, especially for egrets (which have been almost exterminated, owing to the demand for their snowy plumes), and also for herons, bittern, and loons, while in the winter there are many species of shore birds. Of course the island has attracted the pot-hunter and has furnished its quota to the four million game birds killed in a single season in Louisiana alone. The birds will now be protected. And not only will they be able to feed and nest, no longer molested by poachers and plume-gatherers; their sanctuary will be a reminder to certain Southern States that they have not, as yet, afforded the most elementary protection to the migrating birds.

**The Beecher Memorial**

A full description of the memorial at Brooklyn, New York, about to be erected to Henry Ward Beecher and dedicated next year, the centenary of his birth, has recently appeared in the Brooklyn "Eagle," with plans of its component parts. These show the space westward of Plymouth Church cleared of dwellings to the corner of Hicks Street, on which, fronting the church, stands the memorial edifice, a three-story building, connected by an arcade with the church. It is to be the church's working plant for the benefit of a multitude of young men and women rooming in the numerous boarding-houses on and near Brooklyn Heights. There they will have their club-rooms, assembly-room, library and reading-room, with gymnasium, swimming-pool, and lockers for use on alternate days, besides class-rooms for evening instruction in vocational and other lines. In the reception-room this inscription will be placed:

> PRESENTED
> TO PLYMOUTH CHURCH
> AND
> THE PEOPLE OF BROOKLYN
> IN RECOGNITION OF
> HENRY WARD BEECHER
> AND WHAT HE DID TO
> SAVE THE UNION

The arcade is to bear bas-reliefs measuring about five by eight feet, commemorating leaders of the anti-slavery struggle—orators, preachers, poets, statesmen. On the little park in front of it will stand a bronze statue of Mr. Beecher. It represents him making his successful appeal, in 1848, at a mass-meeting in Plymouth Church, for the ransom from a fate worse than slavery of two sisters of remarkable beauty who had been shipped from Washington to the slave-market in New Orleans. At the base of the marble pedestal of the statue these sisters, whose tragic lot

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had aroused deep sympathy, appear in the attitude of supplication. The artist, Mr. Gutzon Borglum, specimens of whose bronze work are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in this city, is now engaged on the heroic model of this statue. At the eastern side of the church, on ground cleared for the purpose, a memorial gateway is to be erected, the wall on either side of it bearing large bronze tablets. The memorial edifice was devised by the late John Arbuckle, the widely known Brooklyn manufacturer and merchant, for many years warmly attached to Mr. Beecher and his church. Desirous of testifying his affection, in a form that would be permanently beautiful, to the young men and women of the neighborhood, he and his architect made progress with the plan. Since his death this has been revived and matured by his nephews and successors in business, Messrs. William and Charles Jamieson, and its realization is secured by the gift of about one hundred thousand dollars by his sisters, Mrs. Jamieson and Miss Christine Arbuckle. The dedicatory service is announced for Sunday, June 1, 1913, at the end of the centenary commemoration week beginning on the Sunday preceding.

**The Farm Treatment for Insanity**

The city of Philadelphia is making an interesting experiment. Since Mayor Blankenburg's advent a number of municipal improvements have taken place, but among them none seems more notable than the change in the treatment of the city's insane patients. Hitherto these patients have been herded together, and their malady has only been made worse by the conditions of crowding to which they have been forced. Fortunately for them, a large farm—known as the Byberry tract—of nearly nine hundred acres, near Philadelphia, was available for colony treatment, the only rational kind of treatment for the insane, the feeble-minded, or defective and delinquent cases. On the tract were several old and dilapidated farm-houses. These were reconstructed. Each became the home of some twenty-five men suffering from a mild form of mania, and harmless, but willing to make themselves useful. Each colony has been supervised by a man and his wife, the latter acting as matron. Each colony is separate and distinct in every particular, having its own farming implements, horses, cows, pigs, etc. A total of three hundred mild insane men have now been transferred from the main institution in West Philadelphia. Although the insane take kindly to farming work, Dr. Neff, Director of the Philadelphia Department of Public Health, informs us that they seem best adapted to the care of animals. He adds: "There seems to be some communion between them that is more marked than in those of sound minds." Another interesting fact noted by Dr. Neff is that concerning Sunday, on which day "there is a distinct restlessness not observed on other days." This is doubtless due to the fact that when working the insane are more quiet and sleep better. In general, however, the feeling of dependence and the chafing at the lack of liberty—the inevitable accompaniment of inmates of an institution—have given way to an atmosphere of greater self-respect. The patients have become not only contented with new surroundings, but have gradually learned to forget old grievances.

**Henry Martyn**

Seldom, if ever, have six years of a life ending at the age of thirty-one left an impression resulting in the commemoration in many lands of the centenary of its closing day. Next after Raymond Lull in the fourteenth century stands Henry Martyn as a pioneer of Christian missions in Moslem lands. The day of his death, October 16, 1812, was widely observed as a day of united prayer for the evangelization of the Moslem world. The son of a man who had risen from the lowly lot of a British miner, Martyn at the age of nineteen won the first place in the list of honors at St. John's College in Cambridge University, and the next year was chosen fellow of his college. In the same year he resolved to become a missionary. His reading of the memoir and diary of David Brainerd, who died in 1747 at the age of twenty-nine, after three years of missionary labors among American Indians, is believed to have partly influenced his decision. After serving two years as curate under Charles Simeon, the leader of the evangelical or Low Church movement in the Church of England, he reached India in 1806. Here his evangelical spirit soon drew him into intimacy with the Baptist missionary Carey, who wrote of him, "We take sweet counsel together, and go to the house of God as friends." His rare linguistic genius so quickly mastered the vernacular that he soon became a fluent and attractive preacher to large audiences. In

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1808 he had translated the New Testament and part of the Book of Common Prayer, but failing health induced him to remove to Persia. Here he began work at Shiraz among Moslems, winning respect both by his learning and his character. His grave in the American cemetery at Tokat is often visited to-day. A century has passed. The ice-barrier piled by thirteen hundred years of racial and political enmity between the Crescent and the Cross, though shaken by modern education, seems as solid as ever. Veteran missionaries look for its melting, but only in the moral temperature to be created by Christian lives of the blended strength and self-devoting sweetness that were exemplified in Henry Martyn. In this hope, and in view of signs of promise amid the general unrest throughout the Moslem world, the World's Evangelical Alliance and several other associations joined in a call to prayer on the 16th day of October for the work bequeathed that day by Henry Martyn a century ago.

## THE BALKAN WAR

The Balkan war may be long or short. It may drive the Turk from Europe. It may add territory to the Balkan States. But whether these things take place or not, those States are already enjoying their greatest gain—the sense of federation.

Never before have they acted together. Their mutual animosities and conflicting claims have prevented. Indeed, on several recent occasions they have led perilously near to war. On one occasion they did lead to war. That was in 1885, when the conflict was between Bulgaria and Servia.

Keenly aware of all this, the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, now deposed, always fomented quarrels among the Balkan nations. But now that a less crafty monarch has been on the throne, the traditional quarrels and animosities have largely died out, and the four States have become proportionately animated by a sense of unity. The most notable evidence of this was on the occasion of the Bulgarian Crown Prince's coming of age at Sofia, when, as reported, the Crown Princes of Greece, Montenegro, Servia, and Bulgaria agreed to sink their differences in the face of a crisis common to all. Whatever ambitions for wider territorial boundaries may have moved them, their immediate aim was to get a proper government for the Christian Bulgars, Serbs, Montenegrins, and Greeks still living in Turkey. Such a government had already been promised both by Turkey and by the Powers.

The promise came about in this way. In 1878 Russia and Turkey were at war. Turkey was defeated. Peace was concluded almost at the very gates of Constantinople, namely, at the little town of San Stefano, on the Sea of Marmora, a few miles from the Golden Horn. By this treaty much of the province of Macedonia was to have been joined to Bulgaria, now an independent principality. But England, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy saw a bigger Russia behind that bigger Bulgaria. They finally forced Russia—of course Turkey was glad to be thus "forced"—to supplant the Treaty of San Stefano by the Treaty of Berlin. In that treaty occurs the famous paragraph 23:

> The Sublime Porte [the Turkish Government] engages itself to apply scrupulously in the island of Crete the organic regulation [autonomy] of 1886. . . . Analogous regulations adapted to local conditions . . . will be introduced as well into other parts of Turkey in Europe. . . . The Sublime Porte will charge special commissions —in which the native element shall be largely represented—to elaborate the details of the new regulations in each province. The project of organization resulting from these labors shall be submitted to the examination of the Sublime Porte, which, before promulgating the acts destined to put them into effect, shall follow the counsel of the European Commission.

This article has for thirty-four years remained practically a dead letter. Now and then the Powers have stirred themselves little to see if something could not be done. But the condition of the Christians in Macedonia and Albania still remains much as it was before 1878. From neither Turkey nor the Powers was there much to expect. Reforms could be instituted, there was apparently only one language which Turkey and the Powers could understand—force.

Who could apply it? The Balkan States. Two conditions were essential: First, they must sink their differences in the face of a common oppressor. Second, their united strength ought to equal the Turk's. Little by little that sense of union has come. Little by little their armed forces have grown equal at least to attempt the task.

But it is not alone against Turkey that resentment is felt. It is not surprising that the allied States felt moved to say in their "Identic Note" of last month to Turkey:

> Notwithstanding the promise of the great Powers to take in hand the realization of re-

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forms in European Turkey, the Governments of the allied States feel bound to address themselves directly to the Sublime Porte, and declare that only radical reforms, sincerely and integrally applied, can improve the miserable condition of the Christian population of European Turkey, guarantee order and tranquillity in that country, and assure durable peace between Turkey and the Balkan States.

The reforms are defined as follows:

> The . . . States . . . invited Turkey to apply the reforms indicated in Article 23 of the Berlin Treaty on the basis of the principle of nationalities with administrative autonomy of the provinces, Belgian or Swiss Governors, elective assemblies, their own gendarmerie and militia, and free education; the reforms to be applied by a council composed of an equal number of Christians and Moslems, under the superintendence of the ambassadors of the Powers and of the Ministers of the four States (Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, Greece) in Constantinople.

Turkey declined to accede to these demands, on the ground that they constituted an interference with her internal affairs. Hence the war.

It has begun well for the allies. In fighting practically side by side they now feel a sense of federation such as they never felt before. But the most inspiring news that comes is not that the Bulgarians are closing in upon Adrianople and the Montenegrins on Scutari, that the Servians have taken Uskub and the Greeks Verria; it is that the Balkan States have entered into a formal written alliance, defining the zones of the respective countries as they may be enlarged, and, what is more important, providing for a common tariff and a postal union.

Thus the Balkan federation has already gone beyond the stage of a mere military combination. It seems like a permanent, if as yet loose, federation, for it is intended not only to exclude external authority but to provide also for a common internal government.

Even on that thorniest question, religion, there is a proposal to end the age-long rivalry by uniting the Orthodox churches of Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, as in ancient times, under the Patriarch of Constantinople; the national churches, however, to retain their national rituals and languages.

It is rumored that the King of Greece, on nomination of the King of Montenegro, may become head of the Balkan alliance. This would seem to be a not unfitting choice, especially in view of the alarm in Europe at the sudden development of the purely Slav element as represented by Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro.

Be this as it may, the object of the alliance is certainly "the Balkan States for the Balkan peoples." Hence, whether those States enlarge their boundaries or not, we must believe that, under any circumstances, the boundaries of freedom and good government are now about to be enlarged.

## NEITHER PARTISAN NOR NEUTRAL

The campaign which has just closed has been characterized in a marked degree by strong convictions regarding the political issues presented to the voters. It is not surprising that in the heat of such a campaign strong convictions should be mistaken for partisanship, nor are we surprised that The Outlook should be sincerely regarded as a partisan journal by some of those old friends who do not agree with its views. That the members of our increasing Outlook family may know the varying opinions of other members of their circle, we print on another page extracts from some of the letters recently received, both of protest and of indorsement. We are sorry to have any of our old readers leave us; we are still more sorry to have them leave us under a misapprehension of our purposes and spirit; but the facts seem to warrant our conviction that the number of our readers who think that the course of The Outlook during the campaign just ended has been partisan is but a small proportion of the whole number of our readers.

There are three kinds of journals: the partisan, the neutral, the independent. Each serves a useful purpose. Neither can serve the purpose of the other. All that readers have a right to expect of the journal which they read is that it shall be what it purports to be. The Outlook does not purport to be a partisan journal; it does not purport to be a neutral journal; it does purport to be an independent journal.

A partisan journal belongs to a party. It is the organ of that party, the means which that party possesses of communicating its convictions and its purposes to the public. The relation of such a journal to the party which it represents is analogous to the relation of a lawyer to his client. It is morally bound to tell the truth. It has no right to mislead its readers by a misreport of facts, or to misrepresent opponents by putting into their mouths words they never uttered, or imputing

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to them opinions which they would repudiate. But it is under no obligation to tell the *whole* truth. It is under no obligation to report facts if the report will be injurious to the party whose organ it is, or to publish opinions if those opinions are adverse to its party. It is an advantage to the community to have some party organs: a Presbyterian organ from which we can learn authoritatively what Presbyterianism is, and a Roman Catholic organ from which we can learn authoritatively what Roman Catholicism is; it is similarly an advantage to have Republican organs and Democratic organs and Socialistic organs, from which we can learn with authority what the Republican, the Democratic, and the Socialist parties respectively stand for.

The neutral journal is simply a reporter of current events and current opinions. It is a talking-machine: all sorts of people talk into it, and what they have said it reports to others. The "Nineteenth Century and After" in England is such a neutral publication. One could never guess from reading it what opinions its editor entertains on any subject. The "Literary Digest" is such a neutral publication in America. It has no opinions; it gives free circulation to all. The convictions of the editor of a neutral periodical can no more be surmised from its pages than the convictions of the maker of a talking-machine can be surmised from the speeches which it gives out to the public.

The Outlook is not, and never has been, a partisan paper. It is the organ of no party, either in Church or State. But neither is it a neutral paper. It is not a mere reporter of other people's opinions. It is an independent paper. It has strong convictions on every moral problem which arises, whether that problem be social, political, or individual. If it has not such a conviction when the problem arises, it proceeds to study the problem that it may form a conviction. Such convictions it expresses with all the vigor it can command, and it will always continue to do so. It was not founded, and it has not been carried on, "as a news organ chiefly, with editorial comments;" it was founded, and it has been carried on, to inculcate certain fundamental principles of character and conduct, individual and social, and to inspire in its readers a spirit of open-mindedness to receive the truth and a spirit of courage to follow whithersoever the truth leads. It has not been a mere reporter of either news or opinions; it has been an interpreter of both, measuring them, not by their relation to any party or any Church, but by their relation to human welfare and social progress. We can best illustrate our conception of an independent journal by some pages taken from the past history of The Outlook.

It has not been a Protestant organ. It has spared neither effort nor expense to secure accurate and trustworthy reports of Roman Catholic opinions, and has heartily commended the service rendered to the community by the Roman Catholic Church, and has brought upon itself vehement censure from polemically inclined Protestants for so doing. But it believes profoundly in the right of private judgment, in the ultimate authority of conscience, and in the direct and immediate communion between the individual soul and God, and it has tested all claims of all churches, Catholic and Protestant, orthodox and liberal, by that religious faith.

It has not been a Christian organ. It has criticised the faults in organized Christianity and commended the virtues and excellencies in pagan forms of faith and life. But it believes profoundly in Jesus Christ as Master and Leader, accepts his teachings and his spirit as containing the solvent of all spiritual and ethical problems, and it has been as ready to commend and to co-operate with Jew or agnostic as with orthodox Christians, when Jew and agnostic were carrying on the work of Jesus of Nazareth in the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth. When, on the other hand, orthodox Christians have insisted that it is an essential tenet of Christian faith that the mercy of God is limited to this life, The Outlook has resisted that claim as inconsistent with the spirit and teachings both of the Old Testament and of the New Testament. It has refused to defend orthodoxy merely because it is orthodox.

The Outlook has carried the same spirit of independent, but not neutral, journalism into the political field. It is there more difficult to maintain, because political partisanship is more common in our time than ecclesiastical partisanship. It is our sincere belief that the men who have found The Outlook partisan in politics have found it so chiefly, if not solely, because they were partisan themselves.

When in 1896 Mr. Bryan committed the Democratic party to free silver, we urged our readers to vote for Mr. McKinley, because we believed that free silver would bring

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upon the country a great disaster in which the poor would be the chief sufferers. But we never joined in the assaults on Mr. Bryan's motives; and we counted ourselves fortunate in having on our staff at that time an expert on economic questions who was an admirer of Mr. Bryan and an enthusiastic believer in free silver, on whom we could depend to give sympathetic summaries of Mr. Bryan's speeches and sympathetic interpretations of Mr. Bryan's principles. Before the war against Spain was declared we both anticipated and recommended it; and when it was ended we urged the doctrine, which the Anti-Imperialists condemned, that the Nation could own territory which was not a part of the United States and could govern dependent people who were not citizens of the United States. For maintaining this doctrine we were violently attacked as partisan at the time; but this doctrine has since been affirmed as Constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States and is now acquiesced in by practically all the people of the United States.

When the Progressive party was born last August, The Outlook could not do otherwise than give to it a cordial support, for the new party advocated principles which The Outlook had advocated for years. Long before the Progressive platform was framed The Outlook had demanded a tariff arranged, not for revenue only nor for capitalists chiefly, but for the workingman and the consumer. Long before that platform was framed The Outlook had urged that lawsuits were no remedy for monopoly; that the only remedy was such regulation of great combinations as would make it impossible for them to acquire a monopoly. Long before that platform was framed The Outlook had urged the duty of securing by labor laws such justice for the workingman as would make labor wars impossible. Long before that platform was framed The Outlook had urged that "the remedy for the evils of democracy is more democracy;" that the only way to destroy the power of the bosses is to transfer that power to the people. It would have been a curious way of demonstrating our independence had we abandoned our principles because a party had been created to take them up and incorporate them by Federal and State legislation in the life of the Nation.

There is no one on the editorial staff of The Outlook who does not heartily believe in the four fundamental principles of the Progressive party: a protective tariff framed for the benefit of the wage-earner and the consumer; a governmental regulation, State and National, of all great corporations, in order to prevent the creation of monopoly; labor laws in place of labor wars; and the substitution of popular rule for boss rule. But The Outlook has not been, and will not be, an organ of the Progressive party. It has opposed woman suffrage and indiscriminate pensions, both of which the Progressive party advocates; and it has advocated that measure establishing Canadian reciprocity which the Progressive party condemns. It has reported, in interviews with them, the political opinions of Mr. Taft, Mr. Champ Clark, Governor Harmon, and Governor Wilson. It has presented, in a series of articles by business men of different parts of the country and different party affiliations, their answers to the question, "What's the matter with business?" It has presented by the very vigorous pen of Mr. Gladney the views of those who hold that big business is, by mere reason of its bigness, dangerous to the country and that it should be broken up and that those who have organized it should be treated as criminals and sent to jail—a doctrine which The Outlook disbelieves as untrue and condemns as unjust. Though opposed to woman's suffrage, it has secured the ablest advocate it could secure to represent the cause of woman's suffrage in its columns. Opposed to State-wide prohibition, it has invited Prohibitionists to present the grounds of their faith to its readers. When the charges of fraud against the Republican National Convention were made—charges which we believed, and still believe, were well founded—we gave to our readers the accusations in the words of the accusers, the official defense in the words of the authorized defender, and our judgment on the issues thus formed. In short, while other weekly journals in America have given more space to political questions than The Outlook has given, we do not believe that any other weekly journal has taken more pains to give to its readers a fair and able presentation of both sides of every question under public discussion.

This history of The Outlook in the past is our pledge to our readers for the future. The Outlook will continue to be a non-partisan but also a non-neutral journal. It will spare neither pains nor expense to give its readers accurate and trustworthy accounts of disputed events, as it did in the case of the Lawrence tragedy.

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It will not only open its columns to conflicting opinions, but it will seek the ablest expression and interpretation of opinions the reverse of its own. But it will not merely report events; it will interpret them. It will not merely report the opinions of others; it will urge its own convictions upon its readers. For it is founded and carried on to be not merely a reporter of news, but an interpreter of life and a guide and inspiration to life. And its steadily increasing subscription list justifies it in the belief that there is an increasing number of Americans who wish in their homes a journal that is neither partisan nor neutral, but is independent.

## MARK TWAIN'S PORTRAIT

Benjamin Franklin stands for the practical genius of the American; Emerson, for his power of vision; Lincoln, for the romance of the man of slight opportunity; and "Mark Twain," for humor. All these men represented other qualities; but when one thinks of American sagacity, spirituality, opportunity, or humor, this group inevitably come before the imagination. They were all men of the soil; they could not have been produced in any other country. There have been many distinguished Americans who might have grown up in other surroundings and conditions; but not one of this group could have been what he was on any other soil or under any other sky. Mark Twain was all his life an exponent of the pioneer qualities of the Mississippi Valley; the large, free, unconventional, humorous point of view of the men who crossed the Alleghanies, built up the Central West and Southwest, and created in the thirties and forties of the last century a world of their own. They were hardy spirits, divorced from European association, with small access to libraries, with great native energy and power of imagination. They were thoroughgoing Americans in their love of their Government and their pride in it; but they lived their lives with very little governmental interference, and they would have resented any curtailment of what they regarded as their individual rights. In the amplitude of the great valley through which the Mississippi passes there was a sense of opportunity which was so accessible and led so far that it took on the more romantic aspects of adventure. The Mississippi was then, as it has since been, a river of careless habits. It had small respect for private property; and when the floods came, it changed its course without consulting the real estate records. The same spirit of freedom animated those who lived upon it; and Mark Twain appeared on the scene at the moment when to be a pilot on a Mississippi boat was the highest ambition of the boys who lived along the river. It presented a rare combination of exalted position, large responsibilities, and personal independence. It was a thoroughly masculine life. It had much more to do, even among its sober practitioners, with the bar than with the drawing-room. It was lawless so far as conventions were concerned, and it was not specially deferential to statutes; but it had its own standards, and woe to the man who did not meet them.

In that free and easy life men formed the habit of looking at things in the large, of minimizing discomforts, and of regarding a man's dependence on external conditions as a subject for humor. In fact, all life was looked at with a large and careless eye, and men were judged by the possession of primitive qualities rather than by conformity to accepted standards. Everything rested on elementary bases; the upper ranges of social life were yet to be climbed. But there was the stuff of which heroes are made in the men of the Mississippi Valley. Their courage, buoyancy, and sense of fun set them in striking contrast with the people who live on the Volga as they have been described by Gorky. Good-fellowship, readiness to help, indifference to the opinion of the world but great deference to local opinion, quickness to turn a hand to any occupation, and general resourcefulness were the characteristics of the men with whom Mark Twain had to do in the early days.

He never was in any sense a literary man. It was probably to his advantage that in that early period he read few books, but dealt with life at short range, and used the vocabulary of his contemporaries. It was a very fresh, pictorial, and unconventional vocabulary. A good deal of it would have sounded profane in the ears of any other section. As a matter of fact, it was profane, but it was picturesque, hyperbolical, and, in a rough sense, poetic swearing. It was an age without reverence, but not without respect for the fundamental verities of life. When Mark Twain, commenting on his inability to remember names, said, "I'll forget the Lord's mid-

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dle name sometime, right in the midst of a storm, when I need all the help I can get," he was not conscious of any irreverence; he was using the most vivid form of words in which he could put a defect which annoyed him.

Mark Twain never had any sense of reverence, any more than he had the sense of reticence or the sense of privacy. The free and easy habits of his early life, the ease with which he took the fundamental attitude towards his fellows without reference to the conventional attitude, remained with him to the end; and he was quite as much at home talking with royalty at a garden party at Windsor Castle as he was talking with his old friends in the pilot-house of a Mississippi steamboat. The whole valley was a big neighborhood. Everybody was more or less interested in everybody else. There was no formality, and any stiffness of social intercourse would have been regarded with as much opprobrium as a dress coat. It was a fresh and, in a sense, an original development of humanity; and Mark Twain arrived on the scene just in time to know it at first hand and to report it in his own speech. For this reason his descriptions of life on the river, his "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," will probably form the basis on which his future reputation will rest.

A man with such original force and such indifference to conventions needs an open-minded biographer; and Mark Twain was fortunate in finding such a reporter in Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, who has drawn a full-length portrait of his subject on a very large canvas. This biography (Harpers) fills three large volumes. It is much too long; but it presents the apology of being interesting from cover to cover; and Mr. Paine is entirely within the truth when he says, commenting on the death of Mark Twain, "Nations have often mourned a hero—and races—but perhaps never before had the entire world really united in tender sorrow for the death of any man." Mark Twain was undoubtedly more widely known than any other American whose reputation rests on what he has written; and if the interest in his work sometimes rested on its contrast with European opinion and standards rather than on its intrinsic vitality and veracity, it remains true that the world had a great respect for the author of "Innocents Abroad." It did not always approve of him; but it was immensely entertained by him, and it discerned the tenderness of the man's heart and the resolute integrity of his nature. For Mark Twain was also a representative American in his love of his home and his devotion to his wife and children. No man could have been more fortunate than was he in the intimate relationships of his life; and no romance was ever more tender or beautiful than his adoration of his wife, herself a woman of exquisite nature, not unaware of her husband's limitations and defects of taste, but splendidly loyal to the pure gold mingled with the alloy, and year by year, with intense patience and devotion, helping him in his career. And all the world knows how his innate integrity came out when financial misfortune overtook him, and how, on the edge of old age, he set forth on an adventure which might have taxed the energies of a young man, and returned with his debts behind him.

Humor was the very atmosphere of his mind. When he began to observe or to speak, it was inevitable that he took the humorous point of view. Like all other humorists, he was profoundly serious at heart; but when he looked at the world it was bathed in the great liberating atmosphere of a quality which is as much an element of genius as imagination. Sometimes this humor was pictorial, sometimes fantastic; for a time after the death of Mrs. Clemens it was corrosive and destructive. It was often homely. When he returned from his wedding trip and found a house ready for him, completely furnished, the gift of his father-in-law, he promptly invited that gentleman, whenever he was in town, to send his bag there and spend a night or even two nights, remarking that it would not cost him a cent. That was the easy, familiar speech of the old frontier. It was the equivalent of the most elaborate expression of gratitude, and had the great advantage of being both fresh and entertaining.

Mr. Paine's biography will always be a mine for students of the American life and literature of our time. Although it is too long, the material which should have been omitted will be of great service for other uses than that of immediate biography; for it gives at full length the portrait of the most original American representative of a section and a time, the exponent of certain qualities which are not original on this continent but which have here taken on original forms. Read in connection with such a tender tribute as Mr. Howells's "My Mark Twain," this biography recalls one of the most fascinating personalities of the age.

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# WHAT EUROPE THINKS OF THE BALKAN WAR

## A POLL OF THE EUROPEAN PRESS

"THE Christian populations in Turkey-in-Europe have been systematically despoiled," affirms the "Journal de Genève," the well-known Swiss paper.

How can this be stopped? The paper answers:

> Only by the effective and permanent control of all the Powers would there be a guarantee for the little Christian States [the Balkans] whose aim is to better the condition of their racial brothers who are Turkish subjects.

The position of these Turkish subjects, says the London "Times," might have been made tolerable if Turkey had tried to win their allegiance by humane government; and it adds:

> For a brief moment after the overthrow of Abdul Hamid in 1908 it looked as if the Young Turks had set some such goal before themselves. But if they ever intended to pursue this policy they speedily abandoned it. Many things doubtless were better under the Young Turks, but among them was scarcely the lot of the Christians of Macedonia. Bulgars, Serbs, and Greeks continued to suffer from an oppression which had become only more unendurable . . . by being directed toward their forcible Ottomanization. Little or nothing was done to give them that security for life and honor and property which it is the first duty of a government to give.

The London "Daily Chronicle" declares that the Balkan States "have vindicated their claims to be treated as something more than pawns." A writer in the London "Daily Mail" calls attention to the fact that in Turkey the last three years have been spent in "internal dissension." This has given a chance to Turkey's enemies. The writer rather cynically comments thus:

> The Balkan States have strengthened their armies, increased their equipment, speeded up their mobilization, and at the same time have been careful, by their bomb outrages and by the activities of their bands, to maintain that misery and unrest in Macedonia which should serve them as a pretext for war when the moment was ripe. Aggravated by the recent Kochana massacres and fired by the Salonika and Kuprili bomb reprisals, the Macedonian Bulgar now calls upon the Bulgarian Government to make war and obtain autonomy for Macedonia.

A prominent protestant against the war is Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the well-known French Senator, member of the Hague Court, and formerly secretary of the international commission for the delimitation of the Montenegrin frontier. He writes to the King of Montenegro, in part, as follows:

> You are again threatening to put the world on fire just so that you can cook an egg. You have no contradictors under your régime in depopulated Montenegro. That is a pity, for it is through them that you would receive without delay the chastisement that you deserve and that the civilized world's judgment reserves for you.

The Liberal Turkish attitude is thus defined by the editor of the Constantinople "Tanzimat" to the Paris "Temps's" correspondent:

> Unfortunately there is between us Turks and Europe a reciprocal distrust. I recognize the fact that we have, to a certain extent, justified it. But Europe ought to recognize that while the Unionist party wanted absolute supremacy of the Turks over the other races, ours, much more liberal, wishes to establish complete equality among all the citizens of the Empire. . . .
>
> Most of the Bulgarian demands have been already inscribed on our programme; for example, the proportional representation of nationalities and the recognition of the equality of the Christian schools.

The general Turkish attitude, however, says the "Temps's" correspondent, is reflected in these words: "Rather war with all its catastrophes than the shame of these reforms compelled by the menace of our former subjects."

Turkish opinion concerning military success in the war is doubtless revealed by a cartoon in the current London "Punch," displaying a powerful-looking armed Turk glancing towards a lowering cloud on which one reads the legend, "Balkan Crisis." Remembering his Tripoli experience, the Turk remarks, "Well, this time, at any rate, I should be able to get at 'em!"

Turkish interpretation of what is assumed in Constantinople to be the real significance of the war was reflected with epigrammatic cynicism by Kiamil Pasha himself, Turkey's Grand Vizier and the head of the Cabinet, in an interview with the London "Daily Mail's" correspondent:

> This war against the little Balkan States is really a combat which we are waging for Austria and Russia. If Turkey wins, Austria wins; if Turkey loses, Russia wins.

The Sultan's proclamation to his troops reads in part as follows:

> In centuries no movement so important has come to our country. Our neighbors, with whom



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we wish to live in peace, . . . have—not heeding the counsels of Europe—provoked us, rendering of no avail the efforts which we were using to maintain peace.

You must . . . defend the honor and the rights of the Government and prove to the world that the virtues of our Ottoman ancestors remain intact.

Now follows a most astonishing and gratifying passage; it is in dreadful disaccord with the report, quoted later, from the Leipsic "Neueste Nachrichten:"

It is not necessary to shed blood unreasonably and cruelly. It is necessary to treat well the aged, the women, and the innocent children, to save the lives and property of unarmed peoples. . . . You must, in short, prove before the civilized world, which little knows you, that the Ottomans are among the most civilized peoples.

Contrast this with the Leipsic "Neueste Nachrichten's" account of the battle of Kirk-Kilisseh:

All the Balkans wounded on the firing line were massacred by Kurds and bashibazuks. When the ambulance corps men came up, they found in all directions dead and dying. Those whom bullets had not killed outright were in the last agonies, having eyes gouged out, noses and ears cut off, and bodies ripped with knives by the Turkish irregulars. The Turks defended every inch with the utmost stubbornness. Axes, scimitars, knives, rifle butts, and even bare knuckles and teeth were their weapons. The ambulance corps found more than one Balkan with his neck bitten through by some mad tribesman.

What will be the final outcome? The writer of the article in the London "Daily Mail" sees no solution unless "Austria, as well as England and France, and probably Russia," interpose. "It is evident," he adds, "that the Balkan States need some absolute overlord." The most obvious overlord would be Austria, he thinks. But would the other Powers stand her interposition? At all events, Austria's attitude is the governing factor. We read:

It is difficult to believe that Austria would be willing to see Bulgaria and Servia, or Bulgaria alone, consolidated as a powerful Slav state, lying across the road to Salonika. A successful Bulgaria would bar the eastern sea road to Austria for all time. It is no less difficult to believe that Austria would calmly view the gathering power and progress of a completely independent Albania, or welcome the effect which the examples of Slav independence and power would have upon the minds of Montenegro, Croatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina.

The Vienna "Fremdenblatt," thought to be used occasionally as the mouthpiece of the Austrian Foreign Office, defines Austria's present general policy as one which does not aim at preventing any territorial changes or preserving Turkey, but merely at maintaining the interests of the great Powers and of Rumania in the Balkans. Commenting on this, the London "Daily News's" correspondent at Vienna declares that it is "a great step taken toward the maintenance of European peace."

Now as to Russia. Writing in "La Revue Hebdomadaire," M. Gabriel Hanotaux, the former French Cabinet Minister, declares that in the present crisis the European nations divide easily into two groups, following the rivalries of Austria and Russia. For instance, Germany is certain to support Austria. On the other hand, the sympathies of France are naturally with Russia, not only because France is Russia's ally, but because under any circumstances France would continue to sympathize, as she has ever done, with the struggles of new nations for liberty.

Russia, as always, stands behind the Slav states in the Balkans. Hence some Paris papers are clamoring to know whether the Franco-Russian alliance binds France, in terms, to support Russia in a Balkan war. Other papers reply that their country must follow Russia unless France wishes to end the alliance and revert to the old days of isolation. In general, the Paris press is pessimistic.

Let us turn to the Russian press. A well-known newspaper in Russia is the "Novoye Vremya." It is especially interesting reading just now, for it is attacking Russian allies in the "Triple Entente," England and France, and declares that "Russia is disposed to support the demands of the Balkan States."

The "Dien," a new democratic paper, thinks that Russia is not outspoken enough. It says:

At the moment when Russia should show the greatest decision . . . in supporting the legitimate demands of the Balkan States she finds herself obliged by her interior decadence to continue a foreign policy double and contradictory. . . . That interior decadence has brought us to a complete paralysis with regard to all international questions.

An important statement concerning the war has been that of M. Raymond Poincaré, the French Prime Minister, who outlined the way, prepared on the initiative of France, for mediation by the great Powers, but, if war must come, for localizing it.

The "Kölnische Zeitung" is the semi-official mouthpiece and the "Norddeutsche

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Allgemeine Zeitung" is the official mouthpiece of the German Foreign Office. It may be significant of more harmonious relations between Germany and France to find in these papers homage paid to the French Premier's endeavor. The "Kölnische" says:

Other peoples may take part in the war. The only barrier, however, is an assurance that the conflagration will not spread to the great Powers, and the merit of all this is M. Poincaré's.

The "Norddeutsche" says:

In face of the peril of war, the great Powers have a unanimous attitude. It is no longer possible to hope that we can prevent the Balkan war. . . . But it is worth while to say that, since the beginning, M. Poincaré's proposition and the following diplomatic action comprehended the possibility of war. In consequence, the Powers, in advance, did not limit themselves to the endeavor merely to prevent the conflict. Their principal object was to take measures to prevent the great Powers from being drawn into the conflict.

The London "Times" adds:

The concert of Europe may not have averted a local war, but it has been successful in its endeavors to preserve the larger peace of the Continent.

Mediation generally precedes war, and it was so proposed by M. Poincaré. But in this case, says the London "Daily Express:"

After another decisive battle and more bloodletting, the task of the peacemaker may not be impossible.

To this the London "Standard" adds:

Berlin argues that the Powers can only act in the interests of peace when one or the other of the belligerents scores a decisive victory. We are inclined to lay more stress, however, on the French Minister's belief that the day is near when intervention will be possible.

The "Frankfurter Zeitung's" Vienna correspondent thus advises:

The time for intervention by the Powers is near, whether requested or not. . . . Blood enough has been spilled, and peace can be offered to both sides.

For the present, however, many will agree with the London "Times" in this conclusion:

There is something intensely dramatic in the spectacle presented by the Balkan States just now, a phase of modern warfare for which more populous countries have shown no complete parallel. . . . By the wholesale summons to arms we get the measure of the intensity of the conflict. . . . This is to be no war in pursuit of a limited object. . . . The day is at hand when the fighting qualities of both sides will be put to the severest tests. The issue will probably depend less upon strategy than upon staying power.

# PARTISAN OR INDEPENDENT?

## THE VIEWS OF SOME OF OUR READERS

(See editorial comment elsewhere in this issue)

The Outlook has ceased to be of service to me. For years it has been my political guide, as it was an independent, unprejudiced paper, but obviously it is that no longer. I do not care for it now.

Malden, Massachusetts,
October 26, 1912.

Kindly stop sending me The Outlook. I have read it for years as a paper in which I could find a fair presentation of both sides of public questions, but at present it has become so hopelessly partisan that it presents only one side in many cases. Why keep up the pretense when every one except a partisan on your own side treats the situation as a joke? Your paper would gain by frankly announcing its real character. In fact, I should be inclined to take it on that basis, for my policy is to read partisan papers on all sides of current questions.

Middlebury, Vermont,
October 25, 1912.

I would not insult the intelligence of my friends by asking them to subscribe for or read as untruthful and partisan a paper as The Outlook. I have read it for many years, but now I swear every time I look it over. It is not alone the political partiality, but the gross untruthfulness about the Lawrence strike and the courts of Essex County.

Salem, Massachusetts,
October 26, 1912.

I am writing to ask you to discontinue The Outlook for the rest of the year. We have taken it for more than twenty years and have thought it the best periodical published. Since it has become such a decidedly partisan periodical, and devotes so much space to Mr. Roosevelt and his ideas, it has become very disagreeable to our whole family. I feel as if "the mighty" had indeed fallen in regard to The Outlook, and it is with regret that I am sending this word.

Concord, New Hampshire,
October 26, 1912.

Since The Outlook has become the personal organ of Theodore Roosevelt I no longer approve of it. In fact, I so thoroughly disapprove of it that I do not care to promote its circulation anywhere. . . . When the sweetness and light which used to characterize and

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pervade The Outlook, and the sanity and sense of its former course, shall again prevail, I shall feel differently.

Kansas City, Missouri,
October 26, 1912.

The Outlook has degenerated so much since it espoused the cause of Mr. Roosevelt that I cannot recommend it to my friends.

Rosemont, Pennsylvania.

I have been a subscriber for thirteen years, and prized the magazine highly so long as it was independent. Now that it is no longer independent its chief value to me has ceased. In closing, I wish to say that I shall especially miss the good Spectator, who still seems to retain his non-partisan attitude toward men and manners.

Hingham, Massachusetts,
October 29, 1912.

For twenty-three years, nearly, I have been a subscriber to The Outlook. I have enjoyed its coming from week to week, and the paper now seems like an old friend. In spite of my high regard for The Outlook of the past, I cannot longer remain a subscriber, and ask you to discontinue the paper on November 1. There is too much Roosevelt in the paper for me. Besides, I do not care to read a personal campaign organ.

Springfield, Vermont,
October 25, 1912.

I have been a reader of The Outlook for many years. It has always seemed to me to be a magazine of broad vision. In it I was sure to find a sane, unbiased view of both sides of all important questions, and the judgments pronounced in its pages I most generally accepted. No other magazine has filled quite such a field of usefulness or has had the opportunity of educating the general public to such an extent. But The Outlook is no longer worthy of its former prestige. It has become a party organ. As such it is no longer of any use to us.

Orange, Connecticut,
October 25, 1912.

I have always welcomed in any magazine editorial discussions and occasional articles bearing upon the political controversies of the day. But I resent as highly improper the course of any journal, of whatever political faith, whose character has been fixed through years of publication, in converting itself into a political organ of any candidate, having accepted subscriptions on the assumption that it would continue as a news organ chiefly, with editorial comments designed to illuminate rather than to promote party aspirations.

San Francisco, California,
October 22, 1912.

Unless the policy and character of The Outlook should greatly change, I shall want it until I cease to have an interest in the world and its inhabitants.

Placentia, California,
September 5, 1912.

Permit me to say that The Outlook has front rank upon my library table, and is valued, not alone for its fair comment upon public matters, but also for the many lucid articles upon subjects religious. With the conclusions reached I, of course, do not always agree, but those from the editorial pen are always luminous and fair.

Butler, Missouri,
September 6, 1912.

I wish all the papers in the land would copy The Outlook's methods in time of political campaigns. It is refreshing to turn from the average daily, with its columns of personal abuse, ridicule, and misrepresentation, to The Outlook, with its clear presentation of the issues involved, the entire absence of personal invective, and the evident spirit of "malice toward none and charity for all."

Hackettstown, New Jersey,
August 15, 1912.

I believe you are taking the right stand in politics. There are many, many men whose views are clarified by your able articles. We are in this movement for better government to stay, no matter who may be the leader.

Montclair, New Jersey,
September 25, 1912.

I want the magazine again, and I wish to commend the editors for the stand they are taking in the present political affairs.

Galesville, Wisconsin,
September 12, 1912.

The Outlook has the rare power to see the right on every subject and fearlessly and forcefully, though without passion, proclaim it.

Sandeval, Illinois,
August 25, 1912.

I wish to send your most excellent magazine to my grandson, who with his family has gone to England to live. His place of business is in London, but he lives in Harrow. He says the papers there have little or no news from the States, and, as he is anxious to keep in touch with affairs at home, it occurred to me that The Outlook would be the very best and most reliable news I could send him, it is so impartial and gives all sides of the different questions that come up, besides a large amount of other good reading.

Ann Arbor, Michigan,
September 25, 1912.

We could not get along without the weekly Outlook. Could much better do without a daily paper.

165 West 80th St., New York,
October 30, 1912.

Years ago I thought ——— to be the best weekly. Later ——— was the favorite, but now The Outlook seems to be the one that has the best matter and the best manner of presentation. I give a course on contemporary American society that keeps me on the alert for the best discussions of current questions.

Lawrence, Kansas,
October 12, 1912.

I want to express my increasing sense of obligation to The Outlook for its missionary service in bringing me and, I am sure, many another into the political light.

Boston, Massachusetts,
October 11, 1912.

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# THE SPIRIT OF THE BALKANS

## BY EDWARD A. STEINER

"GOOD-BY, Europe," said Carl Emil François when he left Vienna on the Northern Railway; "I am going to Halfasia." He was leaving behind him order and cleanliness, the intelligent obedience to authority, the careful attention to detail, the feeling that the word spoken was the word meant. Although more than half of the continent of Europe was still to be traversed, he already felt the atmosphere of Asia when he left the domain of Germanic civilization, with his face turned toward the "Slavic World."

The explanation for this strange phenomenon is not to be sought in the racial psychology of the Slav, but rather in the impress left by Mongol, Tartar, and Turk, who, like Attila, the chief of their first invading host, "left no grass growing underneath the ruthless trampling of his horse's feet."

European civilization still has a struggle for existence eastward from the walls of Vienna, from which the Turks were driven more than three hundred years ago by Sobieski and his heroic Polish soldiers. This in spite of the fact that Germans and Latins have settled in Transylvania and that Magyar and Slav have left but scant standing room for the Turk upon the continent of Europe. The spirit of the Balkans differs in many respects from that of the rest of the vast territory upon which Asia has left her indelible imprint, and this difference is not all created by climate, food, soil, and other geographic factors. It is true that the Balkans are largely mountainous and that freedom thrives on mountain-tops. But in the Carpathians the Slav is subdued, his spirit broken, and he is all but assimilated by the semi-Asiatic Hungarian. There he cringes before his master, and the Tatra peaks do not stir his imagination nor keep alive in him the lust of battle. In the Balkans another spirit broods, and one feels it as soon as one leaves Trieste facing the hot Shirokho or the cold Bora which blows across the Adriatic. Like other Slavic territory, it is ancient battle-ground. Illyricum, Istria, Dalmatia, recall Roman legions. Zara, Spalato, and the ruins of Salona are witnesses still of this vital period. Sebenico and Ragusa tell of Venetian fleets of pillaging Crusaders, and all these barren shores were denuded of their verdure that the city of the Doges might rest upon mighty oaks driven into the sands of her lagoons.

Age-long poverty, French invasion, Austrian regiments and fortresses, have failed to break the spirit of this Slav, who but waits the day when he can shake from his shoulders the galling yoke of the alien invader.

Strong as this spirit is on the shores of the Adriatic among the disarmed and conquered and reconquered Dalmatians, it is stronger still in the "hinterland," Bosnia and Herzegovina. Held by Austria since the Berlin Treaty, and recently incorporated into her territory without the formality of asking the consent of the signatory Powers, its spirit is neither conquered nor incorporated. Austria has held Bosnia and Herzegovina as a foster child and treated it most benevolently, in strange contrast to Turkish misrule, but the child is not weaned from its Servian mother. Everything a shrewd diplomacy could invent has been done to accomplish this end. The Roman Catholic Church has been favored where it was wise to do so, checked again in other places and the Greek Orthodox Church made dominant. Moslems were treated with such consideration that the soldiers of that faith served in special regiments and a *mollah* was assigned to watch over their spiritual welfare. Neither Austria's autocratic and unjust rule in Dalmatia nor her benevolent government of Bosnia has broken the spirit of the Balkans.

It is a temptation not easy to be resisted to pause in this analytical study and to let one's eyes wander again from the heights of the Lovchin over the bay of Cattaro down to the Lake Scutari, over the ragged ranges of the Albanian Mountains, and to joy in the mere pleasure of the scene, not easily rivaled in beauty and variety. But here is the unhewn altar, the unenshrined holy of holies, of the Balkans. Here the Slavs

> "Rose to where
> Their sovran eagle sails—
> They kept their faith, their freedom on the height,
> Chaste, frugal, savage, armed by day and night
> Against the Turk, whose inroad nowhere scales
> Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,
> And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight



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Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight
By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.
O smallest among peoples! rough rock throne
Of freedom! warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years.
Great Tsernagora! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers."

Thus Tennyson sings of the people on this, the only uninvaded, unconquered spot on the Balkan Peninsula; and in the Montenegrin's dreams he has heard Czar Duchan call to arms in these last decades of inglorious peace.

To these bleak mountains came Servian peasants and nobles three hundred years ago, and neither an inhospitable climate nor scant food nor years of famine have broken the spirit of those who preferred to starve, if need be, upon these mountains rather than live on the fat of the land under Turkish rule. If spirit is ever tangible, it is here; and one learns to value a historic inheritance which survives three hundred years of isolation, of almost continuous conflict, not only with the Turk, but with poverty, hunger, and cold.

Twenty years ago the writer followed the mule-path which leads from Austria to Montenegro, then the only approach to this mountain fastness; since that time often over a military road built by Austria—not yet by automobile, which now carries one in two hours from Cattaro to Cettinje. Each time this spirit seemed real, virile, almost tangible.

In the wretched village of Nyegus, in front of low stone huts, stood these Montenegrin peasants armed for the conflict. They were soldiers born, not made. The children greet the stranger with the military salute, and the woman lifts her fingers to her heart—for she too shares in the warrior dream of her mate. They all walk with head erect, the neck unbowed, fearless, dauntless, and unsubdued.

The writer had the unique privilege of being the guest of the Prince of Montenegro when the rulers of the Balkans came to Cettinje, ostensibly upon a friendly visit, but in reality to reach some agreement in regard to their relation one to another and to their common foes. While of course nothing which happened at their conference was revealed, both Turkey and Austria felt apprehensive. The little village capital of Cettinje grew into a metropolis overnight; from all the mountain ranges came the heads of the Bratstvos and the gun-bearing members of the tribe.

Albanians came from across the border—fierce, savage, undisciplined. The Prince of Bulgaria and his retinue, the Servian Minister of War, and the representative of the King of Greece, Dalmatians, Bosnians, and Herzogovinians came, in spite of the fact that Austria forbade their coming, and that they were not recognized officially.

The Montenegrin army was reviewed, and on an open, rock-circled field mass was said, and in the evening, by the camp-fire, the tribesmen danced the national *kolo*, while bards played the *gussla* and sang of the Balkan heroes.

Beneath all the ceremonies and civilities exchanged, the one sentence which in a way brooded over all was, "The Balkans for the Balkan people."

Prince Peter, the younger son of the Montenegrin ruler, an eaglet, a graceful and worthy youth, said to the writer then, "It may be ten years, but it will not be longer, before we march on to Scutari." During a three days' journey in company with Prince Peter, which the author shared then with the readers of The Outlook, the conversation rarely turned upon any other subject than "a war with Turkey."

Riding down to Lake Scutari, to the very border of his father's domain, the youth then dreamed of leading his Tsernogorczy against the Turk; and his dream has at last been realized. One can easily imagine the joy of the people when the cry went from village to village, across the crags and mountain barriers, that the war was really on against the Turk, and thirty years of weary waiting had an end.

They leaped to their guns and rushed "down the hills and headlong passes," and if the Turks had been less demoralized than they were they must have yielded to this human avalanche.

While the Albanian is not a Slav, and his grievance against the Turk is all his own, he shares this Balkan spirit, but it expresses itself in a somewhat different way. His tribal consciousness is not unified. Gheg and Tosk, the two main divisions, have running through them smaller lines of cleavage, creating inner hostilities, intensified by religious differences.

For the Albanian owes religious allegiance to Pope, Patriarch, and Sultan, and prayers are rarely said by any of them without a watchful eye upon their brothers of another tribe or faith, and across the bended knee lies always the ready gun.

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The one thing which unites them is their hatred of their master, the Turk, to whom they have given their best soldiers and statesmen, and for which, in return, he has made the burden heavier in taxes and thraldom.

These centuries of Turkish misrule have told heavily upon the Albanian national character, and the best in it is nearly crushed. The Albanian is nevertheless a vital factor in the make-up of the Balkan spirit, and a firm, stable, enlightened government would give back to the world, and that in a short time, a brave and useful people.

Bulgaria owes much of the dominance of its spirit in Balkan affairs to the fact that its people are of mixed origin, an illustration of a rare phenomenon, where the conqueror took on the speech and nationality of the conquered. Industrious and capable of continued effort, growing in intelligence and in national wealth, the Bulgarians have thrown off more readily than the other Balkan peoples the evil effects of Ottoman rule. It is good strategy that the Bulgarian army should meet the main body of Turkish soldiers, for it is the army best equipped for the Turk, and here the Balkan spirit is most disciplined and at its best.

The people of the Balkans have but little faith in Czar Ferdinand, the ruler of Bulgaria; and his own people are not over-loyal to him. He has shown himself not incapable of treachery; for the death of Stambuloff they hold him responsible.

Servia, the weakened mother country from which the Slavs on the Balkan sprang, more nearly approximates in its spirit the more docile northern Slavs. Though a rich and fertile country, it gives the impression of poverty, and the ruins wrought by the Turkish oppressor are still unrepaired. The Servian people are still undisciplined; their government has been unfortunate and tragic, and bloodguiltiness seems to hang like a pall over the country.

In spite of the fact that Greece is Greece, it not only shares in all the unfortunate phases growing out of Turkish rule, but in its inner spirit has suffered more than the Slavs. That it has seized its opportunity with decision, that it has faced without fear the enemy, are auguries of a recovery of the ancient Greek spirit. Nowhere has this been more clearly illustrated than in the United States, where her immigrants who followed petty trades or wielded pickax and shovel not only gave in large sums of their savings, but joyfully left their work in large numbers to return and join their brothers in this fight.

The people of the United States have seen thousands of immigrants come to their country because of war; rarely, if ever, have they seen tens of thousands of them return for the same cause.

The revival of the Balkan spirit, its cleansing from the effects of centuries of Turkish rule and ruin, is due to many causes: the awakening of the national spirit among the people of the Balkans, the desire to claim their historic heritage and perpetuate it, the world-wide sweep of the spirit of resistance to special privilege.

The growth of the spirit of democracy comes from many sources—from France, England, and the United States, embodied for the last in Robert College, Constantinople, and the many kindred schools established by Christian missionaries, and from the returning emigrant, who brings with him a clarified vision and new social desires.

The Balkan spirit as it manifests itself in the different national groups is primarily an unbroken spirit. Hemmed in on all sides by the great Powers, struggling in poverty and ignorance for centuries, it has never ceased to live, and has waited for an opportunity to manifest itself.

It is a religious spirit bearing the imprint of a great mission. To have been a wall against the battering-rams of the Moslem, to have borne the brunt of the first onslaught, to have felt the last assaults of his retreating armies, has been a sacrificial and a vicarious task.

While in the north of Europe our forefathers built schools and followed the arts and commerce, the people of the Balkans held watch upon their mountains, followed the plow sword in hand, that we in peace might prepare ourselves for the great tasks of Christian culture and civilization.

Crude, cruel, often undisciplined, the spirit of the Balkans is—for it is still the spirit of the soldier—a warrior spirit. One who knows the people of the Balkans, and loves them for what they have done and for what they are, cannot help but wish that this spirit shall have the opportunity to develop itself normally, without the constant fear of invasion, rapine, and plunder; and for this reason he hopes and prays that the Balkan peoples may be victorious in this the last of the age-long struggles against the Turk.

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# TRAINING CITY BOYS FOR COUNTRY LIFE

THE FIRST OF TWO ARTICLES

BY LYMAN BEECHER STOWE

THE wear and tear of modern city life bears hardest, physically and physiologically speaking, upon the two extremes of society; that is, upon the very poor and the very rich. That explains why philanthropists working in the interests of dependent children are tending more and more to fit them for earning a livelihood on the land, and also why rich men are more and more buying country estates and inducing their children to take up country life. A prominent New York physician whose specialty—if a generality may be so called—is the general health in distinction from any given malady recently gave this advice to one of his patients. The patient was an immensely successful and prosperous scion of an old family, who was suffering from nervous exhaustion. Worried as he was about his own health, he was even more distressed about his two boys—pale, nervous, overwrought, and anæmic youngsters of twelve and fourteen. The doctor finally said to him: "You want your family to be perpetuated, you want it to continue to be prominent and successful, do you not?"

He naturally assented.

"Well, then," continued the physician, "there is only one way out. Buy a farm, put your boys on it and keep them there, have them trained as farmers, and, if possible, extract a pledge from them that they will always live in the country. If this is done, and if they marry with any reasonable regard for physiological consequences, there is a fair chance that their children may be strong enough to return, if they choose, to the strain of city life."

While a great deal of nonsense is talked about the "back to the land" movement, is there not nevertheless a real movement countryward, which, like all real movements, has come in response to a real demand?

Between the years 1893 and 1896 the bottom fell out of the prices of farm products in this country, profits vanished, and a great country-to-city migration began. In spite of the fact that the prices of farm products and farm wages are now higher than ever before, this stream is still swollen beyond its normal and healthful proportions. To stop it would be as impossible as undesirable. To restrict it is certainly desirable, and would seem to be possible. There always has been, there always will be, and there always should be a country-to-city migration. Likewise there always has been, there always will be, and there always should be a city-to-country migration. Neither movement could we stop if we would, nor should we stop if we could. The migration cityward does, and long into the future probably will and should, largely exceed the reverse movement, but it should not so greatly exceed it as it has since the early nineties. Good farm prices, good farm wages, and improved facilities for agricultural training, as well as many minor causes, are now constantly increasing the city-to-country movement, but it has not yet reached the stable equilibrium of normal give and take between city and country. It should be stimulated in every legitimate way.

While untrained city-bred adults have in large numbers proved their ability to succeed on the land, they must, in all reason, be held the exceptions rather than the rule. Perhaps a majority of the native-born adults who go on to farms have been failures, or, at any rate, not successes, as town workers. Most of these merely exchange known and tested evils for those they know not. Starting as city failures, they end as country failures. Just as most people think themselves possessed of executive ability, so most people think they could run a farm successfully. Little do they realize that successful farming requires a wider range of knowledge and experience, more wisdom, skill, persistence, and resourcefulness, than almost any other calling. The spirit in which many city people enter this intricate and difficult occupation is well suggested by the following ingenuous letter recently addressed to the Secretary of the New York State College of Agriculture. It reads:

*Mr. Secretary:*

Dear Sir—I would like to know if you have on hand illustrated pamphlets on farming. Having lived in New York City, my parents are going to buy a farm up New York State; but, knowing nothing about farming, I was advised to write to you for a few pointers on stock-



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raising and the taking care of the different fruit-bearing trees, etc.

Hoping you will oblige, and to hear from you soon,

Yours respectfully,

——— ———.

These people had probably read some *illustrated* articles on the joys of farm life. The Secretary replied in part:

Your letter leads me to doubt the wisdom of your anticipated change. You ask for "a few pointers on stock-raising and the taking care of the different fruit-bearing trees, etc.," as though it were possible in a letter to make a farmer out of a city man. For your own good I wish to say that many years of experience on a farm are required before a person gathers the "few pointers" necessary for success. We have a college course extending over four years covering the elements for success. The popular discussion of the opportunities in farming as presented in some of the current magazine articles is very misleading. There are big opportunities in farming for persons who are properly prepared for the work. There is practically no opportunity for the man who is not adapted to farm work. A great many persons are being caught in the present back-to-the-land movement who are making a serious mistake.

The city-bred youth with an agricultural training must be the really hopeful emigrant to the farm. He must form the sound and vital nucleus of this economically necessary city-to-country migration.

If the present city-to-country movement is real, it must be in response to real needs and demands. Are there such needs and demands, and, if so, what are they? Interesting light is thrown upon this question by Professor Liberty Bailey in his book "The Training of Farmers." In this book Professor Bailey gives the answers to a questionnaire which he addressed not long ago to the city-bred students in the State College of Agriculture at Cornell University. He asked these students why they were studying agriculture and why they intended to follow farming as their business. Professor Bailey divides the reasons given under two heads: first, "the personal or subjective desires;" second, "what farming provides." Under the first head, "desire to be out of doors and love of nature" appears most frequently; "love of farm life" comes next; and "natural bent for farming" third. Under the second head, or "what farming provides," "farming is an independent occupation" is the most frequent answer; "farming provides healthful life" comes second; and "there is money in farming" next.

The following are some of the more significant letters in which these reasons appear: A city-bred boy from the South, intending to take up "general farming," writes: "I have always had a natural desire to work among economic plants and animals and make my soils and barns the laboratories for such economic work. It is a supreme pleasure to see and to help accomplish fulfillment of certain laws of the fundamental sciences to as high a degree as possible under the conditions put in force, and get a result, in course of time, that brings much money and happiness. A farmer of this sort becomes an independent man in every sense of the term, and should prove a valuable citizen in his home community. His increasing love for and study of nature also become valuable assets."

Another city youth desires to follow farming "because it is the most independent life and the most healthful one; also, a man is free to do as he pleases, for he has not a boss standing over him all the time. The things around him grow up with him, and each has its own particular place in his life." Another says: "I like farming because it is independent, healthful, noble, useful, and wide enough to utilize all of one's faculties."

A boy from a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants gives as his main reasons for desiring "to get a position on some large, well-run farm:"

"(*a*) I much prefer the country to the city;

"(*b*) I think there is a good opportunity to make a success as a scientific, business-like farmer on a large farm;

"(*c*) The living expenses are less on a farm, and for me the pleasures are more numerous."

And, finally, here is what might be called a human nature reason: "Perhaps the farm is attractive to me for much the same reason that the city attracts country-bred lads—a desire for change. One thing is certain, I do not want to be cooped up in a factory or office all my life. I have seen all I want of factories. A farmer works hard; but he is never out of a job, never on a strike, and never subservient to a labor union. Lack of experience, lack of physical power to endure heavy labor, and the necessity for a reasonable income in the near future, will force me to take a town position; but sooner or later I hope to be a farmer, keeping a salaried position until the farm assures me a good living and is entirely paid for."

Professor Bailey points out as a particularly

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significant feature of these replies "the prominence given to ideals" and "the subordination of mere personal emolument and desire for money." Very few mentioned "the expectation of earning money as the leading motive." "Nearly every one of them gives higher ideals of living as the propelling motive, and these ideals crystallize about two points—the love of nature and the desire of a free, independent life." To me the constantly recurring desire for an independent life is particularly striking. The desire for independence is mentioned in every letter, either as a dominant or subordinate motive. This protest against the highly organized, corporation-dominated, specialized, and autocratic structure of industrial life in the great centers is never entirely absent.

Twenty years ago a city-bred student in an agricultural college would have been regarded as a curiosity. To-day there are so many that in many instances the methods of instruction have had to be changed to meet their particular needs. In the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University during the decade ending in 1907 about twenty per cent of the students came from cities of upwards of one hundred thousand inhabitants, about forty per cent from large towns and small cities, and of the remainder probably not more than thirty per cent came from actual farms. Of the graduates of this college about fifty per cent are now on the land either as farmers, farm managers, farm employees, landscape architects, nurserymen, or gardeners. Last year half of the entering class at the Iowa Agricultural College were from the cities, at the Ohio State College between thirty-five and forty per cent, and at the Michigan College seventy per cent. During the past ten years very nearly half of the students at the Massachusetts Agricultural College came from cities of twenty thousand inhabitants or over. Of the classes entering this college during the last three years less than twenty-two per cent have come from homes where the father's occupation is agriculture or horticulture. In these colleges it has become necessary to segregate the city and country students, so different are their needs and aptitudes. Within the last ten years, and more particularly within the last five years, there have been opened secondary schools in agriculture in connection with the agricultural colleges of the following twenty-five States: Alabama, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. While there are no definite figures to be had, most of the agricultural experts with whom I have talked believe that the proportion of city and town bred students in these State institutions is not only large, but constantly increasing—increasing faster, probably, than the relative increase of urban over rural population.

Besides these Government schools, private, quasi-public, and philanthropic agricultural schools have during the past dozen or fifteen years been springing up all over the country. Notable among these are the National Farm School, near Philadelphia, which is successfully performing the modern miracle of turning young city Hebrews into adequate farmers; the Baron De Hirsch Agricultural School, at Woodbine, New Jersey, which is doing the same work; the Lincoln Agricultural School, at Lincolndale, New York, which is turning in the same direction a great majority of the outcast Irish Roman Catholic street boys who are sent there from the New York Catholic Protectory; the New York State Industrial and Agricultural School of Industry, near Rochester, New York, where lawbreaking city boys of all kinds are being given country tastes and training to such an extent that in large part they never again permanently seek the dangerous allurements of the city streets; the Billings Polytechnic Institute, at Billings, Montana, which is fitting town boys of the new Northwest to meet the new conditions brought about by the transformation of the surrounding country from grazing to agriculture. By way of experiment the superintendent of this institute persuaded a judge in Butte to parole in his custody a young tough who was about to be sent to prison for his latest act of vandalism. The superintendent told the boy about the school and what it stood for. The boy became interested at once. His father, who had given him up as hopeless, was persuaded to pay his board. At last accounts, which was six months after the boy reached the school, he was one of the best workers on the farm and had given no trouble. He had become interested in his work, and too busy for escapades even had he had the inclination. If this boy is permanently successful, the superintendent plans to give the same oppor-

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tunity to other boys of the same kind. This the boy knows, and it gives him an added sense of the importance of his own reformation. At the Interlaken School of La Porte, Indiana, the students, of whom a majority are the sons of rich or well-to-do city parents, are conducting intensive farming on a square mile of land under the supervision of agricultural experts. Then there are the various George Junior Republics, which are all located on farms run by the boy citizens, almost all of whom are from the cities, under the supervision of practical farmers who are in some cases graduates of agricultural colleges, and hence able to supplement practical information with theory. At the Good Will Farm in Maine, which is run for the purpose of converting dependent boys into independent men, they have gone further in this direction than have the George Junior Republics, and have established a systematic course in agriculture so that they may in the future turn out prospective farmers in distinction from mere farm hands. There are a number of other good agricultural schools, of which space does not permit even a passing mention.

There have during the last decade sprung up various agencies other than formal schools of agriculture which are imparting to city boys the tastes and aptitudes for country living. Of great importance among such agencies is the demonstration work for boys of the United States Department of Agriculture and the work of the Young Men's Christian Associations in connection with their back-to-the-land educational campaign. Up to the present the Government's work has been largely confined to the Southern States. Of the 75,000 boys enrolled last year approximately 25,000 were city or town bred. Some of those from the larger cities did the work during their summer vacations in the country, and many of those in small cities or towns lived in the suburbs where they could secure near their homes the necessary acre of ground. The boys of each locality are organized into cotton or corn clubs, as the case may be, and each boy cultivates an acre of cotton or corn under the supervision of an agent of the Department. At the close of the season the crops are graded and marked and prizes given to the most successful growers. In a list of 100 boys who raised from 133 to over 200 bushels of corn to the acre during 1910 several are from cities and a large number from considerable towns. The members of these clubs wear buttons upon which are designed four-leaf clovers with an H on each leaf. The H's stand for equal development of head, heart, hands, and health. These clubs were specially designed for farm boys. The city and town boys were neither urged nor asked to join.

There is, however, a branch of the work especially designed for city and town children which has thus far found its chief development in Memphis, Tennessee, and Greenville, North Carolina. Practically all of the mill operatives of Greenville now have back-yard vegetable gardens run by the children under the instruction of the Department's agent. One of these boys, with a garden 165 by 175 feet, cleared $150 in a year from the sale of his vegetables to the local grocers. In most of the more progressive cities nature study has been introduced into the regular curricula of the public schools. In many cities theory is supplemented by practice by school gardens. Each child has a small plot for which he or she is solely and proudly responsible. In a certain school district in Baltimore where these gardens are prevalent I found that about one-third of the children had started back-yard gardens at home. While, of course, this home gardening was encouraged by the teachers, they naturally had no authority to enforce it. Although nature study and children's gardening is a far cry from practical farming, it is nevertheless significant. Its value lies not so much in the knowledge imparted as in the tastes and desires implanted. By these means are tastes and aptitudes for country life being developed in thousands of city children.

The Government's work is ably seconded by the Young Men's Christian Associations. Last year over one thousand boys in various cities had gardens of their own which they cultivated under the supervision of agricultural experts whose lectures they were attending. A few Associations have given special attention to poultry-raising, and have started what are popularly known as "Chicken Schools." The members of these schools actually raise and care for chickens, reporting progress every week to the teacher and the class. The National or State Agricultural officers often co-operate in the leadership of this work. There is such a school, with one hundred members, in Portland, Oregon. The Chamber of Commerce of Portland has reported that this one school during its three years of existence has been worth

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over half a million dollars to the Pacific Northwest. Besides this more practical work the various Young Men's Christian Associations are giving each year hundreds of lectures connected with the back-to-the-land movement, which are attended by thousands of city boys.

By these means and for these reasons an ever-increasing army of city boys is each year leaving behind the nerve-wearing stir and confusion of the city streets for the invigorating quiet of the open country. How they measure up in aptitude and training with their country-bred fellow-craftsmen, and what success they are meeting, I shall describe in a second article.

# GLORY

## BY JAMES BARNES

CAPTAIN PHILIP SYDNEY GLYNN-EYRE stood outside the post-office tent, pitched on the veldt back of the remount station. The sunlight was blinding, and the Captain's deep-set eyes, that were never very wide open, were narrowed to little slits as he glanced at the envelopes he was shuffling in his hand. It was two months since he had read a line of writing addressed to him, except the terse notes of his colonel, the very unintelligible information supplied by the brigade intelligence officer, the reports from his lieutenant, young Ramsay, or McLeod, his first sergeant.

These letters he was holding were from "home;" some postmarked at the little town in Gloucestershire, some from Scotland, and some from London. The very latest was a month old, and one had been chasing him through the ramifications of the army postal service for at least ten weeks. Letters from home! As a rule, men did not delay long in opening them, but Captain Glynn-Eyre, after he had shuffled them sufficiently to get them in order of their dates, put them all in the breast-pocket of his tunic and buttoned the flap.

Six months' active service—days spent in the saddle under a grilling sun, nights on the dew-soaked ground—mark a man's general exterior, but in Captain Glynn-Eyre's case it showed only in his brick-red complexion; he was as neat as if he had just been turned out of a Jermyn Street outfitter's. His boots and leggings were polished, and his khaki uniform no one would ever have thought had been worn for more than a week. His straw-colored mustache was waxed at the ends to neat stubby points, and his handsome chin still showed traces of the powder he had used after the morning's shave. Not only did the Captain's neatness attract the attention, but his high-pitched, cultured voice did also. It had the unconscious affectations of generations of slow, musically drawling ancestors—the inherited accent of caste.

"I say there, Rawlins," he called abruptly, turning in the direction of a group of men who sat opening letters and packets of newspapers that had come in by the last convoy, "saddle up the dun mare, and look alive."

"Yessir." A bright, curly-headed lad in a gray shirt and broad canvas belt jumped to his feet, saluting as he answered.

Captain Glynn-Eyre stood watching the saddling up with a keen, observant eye. He noticed the saddle galls on the dun mare's back. "Still a bit tender, eh, Rawlins?"

"Yessir, but fit for ridin', sir." The rising inflection proclaimed the soldier's birthplace. He stood aside and saluted again as the officer slung his long legs over the mare's back and slipped his toes into the stirrups.

"Good news from home, Rawlins, I hope?" He noticed the letters stuck into the canvas belt.

"Yessir, thank you, sir. Hope the same with you, sir."

The Captain smiled and nodded and rode away—still good to look at, apparently at peace with the world; and yet at that very moment he was more afraid than he had ever been at any time in his whole life. And afraid of what? Nothing tangible that any one could see, or that he himself had yet seen. He was afraid of the letters that a moment before he had buttoned into the breast pocket of his tunic! It was the most miserable and abject coward that ever wore

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a uniform who sat so gracefully on the lithe dun mare as she walked down the hoof-worn path toward the river-bed. Every now and then soldiers with towels slung over their shoulders, fresh from the swimming-pool, saluted him. Across on the opposite bank a bathing party of Highlanders, looking like so many mediæval blacksmiths in their khaki aprons, were being coaxed along by a perspiring and persistent piper.

Captain Glynn-Eyre, urging the mare to an ambling fox trot, followed the edge of the stream, and came at last to a group of mimosa trees. It was shady here, and at last he was alone. He threw the reins over the thorny branch of a wait-a-bit bush, and, seating himself on the ground, drew forth the unopened letters. Slowly he read each one, and when he had finished the lot he took out his silver match-safe, and, striking one of the precious Vestas, made a little bonfire and scattered the ashes with his foot. No one else would ever read those words—no one would see the names mentioned therein, or the signatures attached.

"Leaves me about two weeks," he remarked to himself, quite casually. "It's all up! What a rotten blighter—what a God-forsaken waster!"

No more bitter arraignment could have been framed by the use of any words known to the Captain's vocabulary. There was no loophole of escape—not the least possible chance for him. There was no reprieve—no question of any pardon forthcoming. He was condemned just as surely as that Roi-Kaffir boy whom he had sentenced to be shot, offhand, for tearing the earrings out of that Boer woman's ears the other day. No one had interceded for the poor savage black. No one would, or could, intercede for him. He sat there with his head in his hands thinking. A proud name the Glynn-Eyres had borne for years—soldiers since the old red-coated days, the elbow to elbow and hollow squares, and long before that. From Flodden Field to Culloden, from the Plains of Abraham to Quatre-Bras, from Lucknow to Khartum, and thence to now. The uniform worn by a Glynn-Eyre had never been disgraced. Yet in two weeks how would it be? He could hear that honored name as people would speak it—an undischarged bankrupt was bad enough, but *forger, thief!* Awful, unspeakable; and nothing—nothing he could do to stave off the inevitable!

One sentence in the old lawyer's heavy hand had fairly shouted in its insistence, like words heard in delirium: "To return here before the warrant reaches South Africa is the only way to escape arrest. Sir Charles is inexorable. It is but a question of time when the whole matter will become public property. It is deplorable, but cannot be avoided."

"Cannot be avoided!" The Captain laughed bitterly to himself as he repeated the phrase. It went humming itself to all sorts of tunes through his mind as he rode back to camp. Oh, thank God that his father and mother were dead! That was one comfort. But his brothers and sisters? They must know by this time. They must be doing their best to keep it quiet. That one unmarried sister who had always loved him, who had ever helped him—what would she say? Why had he never thought of any one but himself before? "*It could not be avoided!*" What a ruin, what a hell, he had made of his own existence! Come to think of it, he had never had any pleasures. He had had excitements, passing interests—once or twice he had thought he cared, but he hadn't. Love? He didn't even know what it was. Happiness? Foolish word—there never was any such thing. Contentment? Yes, some men might be contented—so might an ox. Oh, the whole thing had been a sham, a farce, a lie, and a mistake! In his writhing soul he saw his life, as if in review, swing past him in the hell of his own creation. No conscience-stricken sufferer, no demon-tortured spirit condemned to flame, but he, neatly dressed, upright of shoulder, calm of voice and proud of eye, stalking alone, clean and well groomed, and—rotten to the core!

It was only within the past six months that Sydney Glynn-Eyre had found himself—at last found what he was good for. With this discovery had come at times a certain forgetfulness, a certain relaxation; and more than once there had risen, with the bitter feelings of remorse, chaotic, half-formed resolutions. Oh, if he could only wipe out the fearful, hateful score! The actual experience of actual things had opened his eyes to comparative values. Repentance, he had known that—the unconfessing repentance of the self-abandoned. Under the gleaming South African moon at night he had thought of how he could make restitution—how he could atone. He had smiled through bitter, scalding, unshed tears at his hopelessness—laughed in his loneliness at his own sheer despair!

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Something had been regained—he had restored himself as a soldier; but what was the use of it now? His fellow-officers of the line regiment from which he had resigned four years ago, under the shadow of the on-coming cloud, had met him with the outstretched hand, but he had sought no friendships. He was a promoted volunteer. From an enlisted man in Laurent's Horse he had been appointed to a troop, and then, as the fever and the bullets created vacancies in the regular forces, he had been picked out and placed in command of a company of the mounted infantry. He had come to his own again. His men trusted him; yes, by all the tokens that such men give, they loved him!

But what was the use of anything? "*It could not be avoided!*" When he had signed his cousin's name back there in London, he had to have the money, and he was going to pay it back before it should be discovered; but now—"Oh, what a blighter, what a God-forsaken waster!"

The dun mare, unguided, was struggling up the steep, hoof-worn path. Captain Glynn-Eyre raised his head.

Just at the top of the bank were a few hummocks of brown, sun-baked earth and a number of wooden crosses. He remembered the scene and the words that had been spoken when they had placed the blanket-swathed objects in the unwelcoming ground, and he envied them. He did that, as sure as he drew breath!

When he reached his tent, Captain Glynn-Eyre fished a bottle out of the head of his sleeping-roll, but before he had time to draw the cork a headquarters orderly appeared at the entrance and saluted.

It was quite characteristic of the Captain that he did not start or attempt to hide the bottle, and it was quite characteristic of him also that, having received the orderly's message, he did not take a drink. Boer dop-brandy has a strange way of permeating one's breath, and permeated breaths were not good things to bring into the presence of a teetotaling general. . . . There had been some movement in the wind for a long time. It was expected that the mounted infantry would be going out sometime during the day, and the orders had come. He knew the country to the eastward well; the general wished to ask some questions, that was all. But not only the mounted infantry were expected to take part—the whole of the Twelfth Division would be on the move by one o'clock. It was now after ten. That meant some work. Captain Glynn-Eyre was glad. Work is a great thing for distraught minds.

In the heat of the midday he was leading B Company over the dusty, blackened, fire-swept veldt, a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery clucking and rumbling behind them. On ahead were varied commands of the Sons of the Empire; a detachment of New Zealanders and Australians on tough Waler horses led, then came a fresh batch of volunteers from Ceylon—indigo planters mostly—on well-intentioned little ponies, and far out on the flanks Canadian mounted men in their stiff-brimmed sombreros. A mile behind the mounted infantry and the guns, trudging through the film of filtered dust, came the plodding hawk-eyed men on foot, laden like beasts of burden; then the ambulances and the transport and the rear-guard. It was more than a reconnaissance in force—there was something big intended. By evening they had covered at an easy marching pace some fourteen miles and camped, the stragglers and transport coming in till all hours of the night.

The next morning early, while the dew still glistened in the spiders' webs that gleamed everywhere in the grass like hoar frost—for they had left the fire-swept zone—the mounted force were on the move. To the eastward rose a broken country, marked here and there by the truncated cones of tall black kopjes. Suddenly from the left flank there broke a sputter of distant rifle fire—the familiar double report of the Mauser. The slanting sun was directly in the faces of the khaki men, and they halted for the belated batteries to come up.

Captain Glynn-Eyre wore a strange smile on his face as he looked out and saw the mounted scouts come trotting back—a riderless horse here and there among them. As the sun rose higher and the glare was less disturbing, he took out his field-glasses and swept the crest of the black hills.

*Somewhere in there it was going to happen!* He looked round at his men. It was an old story to them by this time—all in a day's work. Some were chatting, others silently smoking. One young fellow, standing beside his horse, was reading a ragged copy of a London paper, spread out over his saddle. He hardly looked up as the guns came lumbering by, crashing through the small ant-hills, the tired, tucked-in horses stirred from their listlessness by the flogging, short-handled

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whips. A quarter of a mile ahead they wheeled into position. Soon the shells were hissing out toward the ridges, and the little white puff-balls bloomed and faded along the tops and hollows. No reply.

Perhaps it was only a commando of the guerrilla Celliers's force that had been harassing the flank the day before. No one could tell; there was but one way to find out.

The mounted men swung themselves into saddle and in rough alignment passed the guns and led the van again. Half a mile or more they progressed in silence, and then the sputtering began in front. Soon the air was filled with the crazy little musical notes, whimpering and snapping overhead or flicking along the ground. Men eyed their officers restlessly, and eyed each other with quick turnings of the head. Some rode with lips compressed, others with foolish smiles. The guns had opened once more, and the shells went snarling above them. They were quite close to the hills now; directly in front the steep sides pitched down into a kloof, or valley, guarded at the entrance like a gateway with two pylon towers. In the center rose a slight elevation of massive black rocks, with stunted bushes growing in the crevices.

"Forward! Trot!"

Captain Glynn-Eyre half turned as he gave the command. Two hundred yards of this, and he looked back again. To his surprise, he saw the main force behind him sweep off to the northward. Ramsay, his lieutenant, a promoted volunteer officer like himself, glanced at him anxiously, but said nothing. As to the men who followed, there was not even a question in their minds. It was not their place to think—they had no responsibility in the matter. If they were killed, it wasn't their fault. Blunders and mistakes were never laid at their door or on their graves.

"Fours left! Gallop!" The Captain's hand went up over his head as if with the sweep of a blade instead of the light rattan that descended on the dun mare's sweating flanks. She wheeled sharp to the right and was off. He twitched at her head viciously, as if trying to hold her in or turn her, but his eyes were straight ahead.

To his men his action had spoken louder than the words that they had failed to catch, and so they followed. Whip and spur, loosened reins and digging heels, for five hundred yards; the jangle of accouterments as a saddle emptied, or a smothered cry and a jumble of dust as a rider and horse went down. Twenty—thirty—lengths in front, the distance widening constantly, rode the leader of the mad onsweep, on the little dun mare. "Pow-pow! pow-pow!" the Mausers coughed and sputtered from the kopje's sides.

Oh, how could they *miss* him! His stirrup-iron rang, and something tore at his boot heel. The strap of his field-glasses gave a sudden quick tug at his neck, and the ruined case swung round behind his back. How clear the big shoulders of the hills were! For the first time since giving his last command he turned.

*They were coming on!* Wide spaces in the narrow line, wounded steeds tottering behind, staggering figures lurching here and there, dust spots where dying horses lay kicking and struggling, and silent bundles of things that had been men. Oh, why had they followed? Why had they not obeyed?

But what was this? The rifle fire had ceased. Except for the sound of the oncoming hoofs, all was silent. The two pylon-like towers rose on either hand, jutting slightly forward, hiding the ridges that stretched back and away from them, north and south. Quick—what would he say to the men who had never questioned? Would they question now?

He swung himself from the saddle, lifting his hand, palm outward, in the gesture of the command to halt. They swept in, surrounding him—breathless, excited, their mounts heaving of flank and quivering of knee.

"Dismount!" His voice rang clear, his manner was cool and collected. "Well done! well done! Fourth men, take the horses! Here you, the rest, scatter up among those rocks—take cover! Up with you! Rawlins, take my horse; she ran away. Come on!"

Once more they followed him—unslinging their rifles, filling their magazines. Spurs clattered and scraped the smooth black rocks. Panting, drawing labored breaths, they pressed on, hauling themselves up in places by aid of the strong-limbed bushes. Sergeant McLeod forged to the front—he had been a gillie on the steep highland moors—he outdistanced all the others. As he reached the crest they saw his right elbow lift, and, as his cheek found the butt, his rifle blazed. He called back over his shoulder as he crouched: "Coom on—hurra-oop, laads, hurra-oop!" One after another they reached the top and flung themselves prone among the black

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boulders. The narrow valley echoed with the thrubbing of the Lee-Metfords.

Captain Glynn-Eyre was stumbling after them. His left foot was bleeding; he could scarcely put his weight on it. The lieutenant greeted him excitedly as he gained the crest at last.

"By gad, sir, just in time—we've got 'em!"

And then he saw it all! The kloof beyond the little ridge swept smoothly upwards, bare as a boulevard between the steep walls on either side. Through the middle ran a well-defined trail that, turning to the right, led down among the big boulders and out into the veldt. In the very center was a crowd of huddling mounted men in full retreat, riding at top speed back into the farther hills.

"Cease firing! Save your ammunition, men."

Captain Glynn-Eyre's voice was as calm as if at an Aldershot review. His mind was cleared of the tempting thoughts of death.

He began to drink deep draughts of the joy of living; a mad rejoicing filled him. He felt no pain from the torn and mangled foot. The born soldier in him had risen to the sense of his responsibility; but above all insisted a sudden, strange, new thought, "There is a God!" To his lips came a swift, unspoken prayer.

The spiteful Mausers began to sputter again. A few of the enemy had found places of concealment along the steep enfilading sides, but no force would dare advance on those seventy rifles that barred the gateway. They held the key. Unknown to themselves, they had stopped the second great raid into the colony!

The men were laughing garrulously, like school-boys at a game, taking out their cartridges and spreading them in easy reach. Nothing but artillery or an overwhelming charge could dislodge them now!

Distant firing sounded from the north—volleys and the reports of twelve-pounders firing short-time fuses. The division must have found lodgment on the hills. The enemy's flank was turned; nevertheless a few stubborn marksmen held ground in front of B Company on the kloof and quite close up. From the black rocks the bullets glanced and hit, leaving blotches of lead and twisted nickel cases.

Captain Glynn-Eyre crawled to the side of Sergeant McLeod. The latter saluted from his recumbent position with a grin of joy.

"We headed 'em, sir. Have a care, sir! O God! guid God!"

Whether by chance or as the result of some keen eye watching the little space between the rocks, it made no matter—*it had come!*

Captain Philip Sydney Glenn-Eyre never groaned nor moved.

The despatches that flashed to London referred to "the saving of the day." The cairn of black stone at the foot of a tall black kopje tells nothing.

Only another of the "Fighting Glynn-Eyres" had died the glorious death.

# AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIPS

## BY ELIZABETH WALLACE

THERE was a merry girl, often called a "tomboy" in the unathletic days of our grandmothers, who grew up under the wise care of her doctor-father, and won a name for herself as Harriet Hosmer, the sculptress—the feminine term favored at that time. She was born in Massachusetts and trained in the exceptional atmosphere of Mrs. Sedgwick's school at Lenox. There she began a lifelong friendship with Fanny Kemble, who was a frequent visitor at the school, as were also Hawthorne, Emerson, Fredrika Bremer, Mrs. Child, and others of like distinction. Harriet was the life of the house, and never hesitated to help make a cheerful evening, unawed by the presence of a famous actress. This charming lack of self-consciousness and abounding optimism were prominent characteristics throughout her long life, and, combined with undoubted talent, brought her into close relations with the eminent people who seem vividly present in her letters to friends both in England and America.

One is beset by the temptation to quote freely from the letters and memoirs of Har-

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riet Hosmer, wisely and adequately edited by her chosen classmate and lifelong correspondent, Mrs. Carr (Moffat, Yard & Co.).

Boldly venturing upon untrodden paths, Harriet, with a view to her chosen art, went to St. Louis and took a course in anatomy in the Medical Department of the Missouri State University. Before returning to her home in the East, the venturesome girl, still in her teens, voyaged down the Mississippi to New Orleans, passing undismayed several boats aground in the treacherous waters. Delighted with the old French city, she determined to explore the upper Mississippi, and went as far as was possible in the year 1851. One of the high bluffs which she scaled now bears her name, and the tradition of her courage is still held there. Reaching home, she worked hard at modeling, and her first work was a medallion bust of her revered professor in anatomy, Dr. McDowell. She copied Canova's bust of Napoleon, and cut it in marble, unaided, presenting it to her father. In 1852 her father took her to Rome, and her ambition was satisfied when she was received into the studio of John Gibson, at that time England's foremost sculptor. He never took pupils, but something in the young girl impressed him, and for several years he taught and encouraged her, giving her a small room to work in which had formerly been occupied by Canova. It is not necessary to enter into the details of her artistic life; her personality is too vivid to be obscured by her achievements. She worked voraciously, copying the masterpieces of ancient art. Later her original work showed strongly the influence of this practice and the impress of her master.

It is of her friendships that I wish to speak especially. That a young, inexperienced woman could live in Rome for years, protected, unconsciously, by what she called her "Godlike faith in human nature," and her supposition that others were as busy as she was, is a high tribute to American womanhood. A friend wrote: "She has surmounted all the difficulties of her position as woman and artist nobly by the simple earnestness of her nature and life." Mrs. Kemble wrote to Mr. Wayman Crow, Harriet's generous patron and beloved "Pater," that "she has energy, perseverance, and industry," adding that her peculiarities might interfere with her success in society, but sensibly reflecting that it is unreasonable to expect a person who is singular in gifts not to be equally unlike people in other matters. She was in a beatific state of mind, often quite oblivious of conventions. For some years she shared an apartment with Charlotte Cushman, to whom she was devotedly attached. Later she established herself in her own beautiful house, where she entertained freely.

She soon became a valued member of a group which included Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Sartoris and her sister Mrs. Kemble, and, as she wrote, "these, with two young artists and your humble servant, met every Sunday and Wednesday evening at Mrs. Sartoris'." The Thackerays came too. One of the young artists was Frederick Leighton, of whom Harriet Hosmer saw much. She wrote, after his death, a lovely tribute to his character. He was known as "Fay" in the Sartoris circle, and confided to Harriet his dream of building a house to his mind as soon as he could "earn the money to pay for it." The realization of this dream may be seen in London to-day. Of Leighton his friend Watts said, "He was the most perfect character I have ever known." The wicked query of Whistler, more the artist than the friend, was, "Leighton? President of the Royal Academy? I believe he also paints?"

A letter from Browning to Miss Hosmer gives a detailed criticism of one of Leighton's paintings, "the whole one consistent anachronism," the modern violin no more a surprise than the modern faces and figures; yet, as Browning said, Leighton drew deliciously.

Miss Hosmer met and loved the Brownings in her second winter in Rome, when they were living a life of seclusion, unappreciated, unobserved. More than once she was asked by English people about "your countrymen the Brownings." When she wondered at their ignorance, the reply would be, "Oh, yes, yes, Mr. Browning *is* English, but Mrs. Browning is American?" In those old Roman days the halo had not dawned. Mr. Browning wrote charmingly to "Dearest Hatty," and left blank corners for "Ba," Mrs. Browning, to fill. One letter from Paris says that "Ba" has worked like a spirit at her poem, "Aurora Leigh," since they had moved into comfortable rooms. "I have read the first six books, all transcribed and corrected in two months. Lord! I don't dare say in cold words what I cannot help thinking of them; while warm words are not proper, you know." The apartment they had left was one "with

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no bottom (for carriages were under it), no top (for the roof tiles were over it), no back (for there was an end to the house with the end of our room), and a front facing the due east." Of Mrs. Browning Miss Hosmer writes: "I can never fancy her in a bustle or in a busy crowd, any more than I could fancy the night-blooming cereus to blossom in the Piazza Navona." Miss Hosmer remembered that "one day at dinner Mrs. Browning said, in half soliloquy, 'I wonder which is the best name, Laura Leigh or Aurora Leigh?' and asked both of us our opinion. Browning gave his vote for Aurora, and I, not knowing at all to what she referred, and thinking merely of the sound, said, 'Oh, Aurora; Laura Leigh lacks backbone.' When the book was published, Mrs. Browning, remembering this casual remark, sent me a copy with the message that she 'hoped it contained backbone.'"

It was during this winter that Miss Hosmer conceived the idea of modeling the clasped hands of Mr. and Mrs. Browning. She made the casting herself, as Mrs. Browning shrank from sitting for the *formatore*. Hawthorne alludes to this work in "The Marble Faun."

Browning and Miss Hosmer were companions in a most amusing escapade, accomplished in a donkey cart borrowed from a Florentine vegetable vender. The reproduction of the adventure was elaborately managed by Browning for Mrs. Browning's benefit later in the library. Miss Hosmer described it in a paper published some years ago, and the fun of it is irresistible. "'Nothing does Ba so much good as a good laugh,' said Mr. Browning, gazing with satisfaction at her helpless condition and at her face glistening with tears, and I will set this down as the laugh of her life." Neither Mr. Browning nor Miss Hosmer avoided puns, though they estimated them at their proper value. An amusing bit of nonsense was a Round Robin, which she calls Browning's last unpublished poem, sent to her from Lady Ashburton's place in Scotland, and signed by Browning and his sister (Sarianna), Lady Marian Alford, and Sir Roderick Murchison. She promptly replied, in merry doggerel, declining the invitation to be of their party.

Many of the letters are addressed to Mr. Crow, and reflect the busy, happy life led in Italy, with occasional English holidays. In 1870 she wrote at length of the triumph of Victor Emmanuel's troops, and announced that "Rome belongs no more to the dear old gentleman in the Tiara!!" She knew the Empress of Austria well, and was devoted to the lovely Queen of Naples, "my violet-eyed heroine of Gaeta," whose modesty was as great as her beauty. It is of some interest to know that Miss Hosmer did not take the book called "The Martyrdom of an Empress" seriously, regarding it as a romance containing some well-known facts and the rest fiction. Among her dearly loved English friends was Louisa, Lady Ashburton, the friend of Carlyle, Browning, Landseer, and all the interesting men of her day. From 1867 until 1903 this friendship lasted "with no shadow of change."

That the pleasure was not all on Harriet Hosmer's side in these companionships is amply proved from the letters written to her. She was one of the happiest and merriest of beings. One of her Scotch friends said, when she was indulging in some nonsense, "Oh, Hattie, I wish you would be buried here; it would be jolly only to look at your grave." "Thank you," she replied; "I would rather live though I had to be wise." Her later years were passed in America full of honors. One day, walking with a friend in Cambridge, Massachusetts, they met two ladies who inquired their way to Longfellow's house. Miss Hosmer was somewhat in advance, and her friend, thinking to give pleasure to the tourists, told her companion that *that* was Harriet Hosmer. With perfect gravity, Miss Hosmer, who had overheard the remark, as the group parted said: "Perhaps you don't know that *this* lady is Mrs. Somerville." To her speechless friend she explained later that she was tempted to introduce her as Jane Austen or Mrs. Browning, but she was afraid her dates would be questioned.

She took pleasure in sharing her stores of artistic knowledge with others, and at times lectured with excellent effect, often dwelling upon the value of persistent work. In 1894 she went to California to be present at the unveiling of her statue of Queen Isabella. She criticised unreservedly such statues as were set up in our parks. After praising French's monument to Milmore, one of the most beautiful works in the Columbian Exposition, she describes the opposite, so often seen in portrait statuary, as "betrousered obituaries"—a phrase so acute and true that it should be taken to heart, never to be forgotten.

Her life was one of happiness in work,

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and she was more fortunate than many others in gaining recognition during her working period. She established in Rome a hunt, importing horses and hounds from England. She knew how to play as thoroughly as she toiled, and that perhaps was the secret of her long and balanced life. She lived from 1830 until 1903, and with her there was apparently missed no joy of living, either within her own nature or in her relation to others.

# THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator indulged in the novelty of spending the summer in the South. The dog days of our lower latitudes held no terrors for him. At first he even thought of going to the tropics. There were very pleasant reports extant as to the climate. Was there not a man visiting New York once who used ostentatiously to long for the cool breezes of Tegucigalpa, or Chiquimula, or whatever place it was he called home? And was there not that other reassuring anecdote about the man who, after living a long and healthy life at Havana, visited the metropolis and died of sunstroke? And then think of the novelty! How piquant to date one's letters Havana—or Chiquimula—August first, when other, every-day people were writing from Bar Harbor or Saranac!

On sober reflection, however, the tropics seemed unnecessarily far away. Even Florida was a bit remote, though Palm Beach or St. Augustine in summer must be spiritually refreshing. But the vicinity of Hatteras and Pamlico—there was the chosen land, truly Southern with its palmettoes and Spanish moss and oleanders and fig trees, and yet not too far away. Pamlico, then, it was; or rather a small town on the shores of the sound. Only, the Spectator always prefers to spell it Small-town, analogous to Professor Matthews's Short-story and other such compounds.

With the Small-town itself the Spectator was enraptured the moment he alighted from the train. Not only was it warmly, glowingly Southern, but it was even better. It was Colonial, essentially eighteenth century. The Spectator took a "transfer"—a shabby one-horse carriage with a black driver, "fare ten cents, suh"—and proceeded uptown.

The admiration of the Colonial grace received a rude shock when the Spectator wheeled around a corner and was confronted by an ugly and wholly superfluous sky-scraper of five stories. But then all Small-towns make mistakes sometimes. Farther down the street were several brass banks—at least they had a quantity of polished brass in front—with mysterious, secretive-looking men passing in and out, engaged here, as elsewhere, in the strange rites of their golden goddess. Farther along was a crystal dry-goods emporium, which probably absorbed the money the mysterious men got from the banks, it being got out of them by even more mysterious wives. In the door stood the incredibly fat shopkeeper, extending a jovial hand to every comer, and passing pleasantly the time of day with those who did not stop.

The Spectator alighted at a brass bank for the transaction of some unavoidable business, and was introduced by the functionary of that institution to the fat gentleman of the dry-goods persuasion, who, having quantities of unexpended time and endless stores of good nature, introduced him to everybody else—that is, everybody else "wuth knowin', suh." Finally the Spectator escaped. There is no disrespect in the word. Just the same, he escaped. Like a street urchin suddenly released from his elders who have caught him and tried in vain to make him respectable, he—not exactly ran away, but hastened down the street as rapidly as was consistent with dignity; and, with the true instinct of his vagabond counterpart, who would have run up an alley, he turned up a side street.

The maneuver was designed for escape, but surely a better angel than the angel of flight guided the Spectator's steps. For nowhere else in the South perhaps is there so delectable and altogether entrancing a little street as that into which terror of the dry-goods gentleman and his friends had impelled the Spectator's flying feet. On either side of the glowing, sunlit roadway were dark, low-browed houses that would cause any lover of the beautiful to sing for very joy at the sight. How did these people contrive to build houses that seemed so natural, so inevitable, so much at home with nature, as though they had just sprung out of the soil and had never even heard of an architect's catalogue? A day or two later there appeared for a moment the elusive shadow of a clue to this problem. In one of the oldest of these very houses the Spectator mashed his finger in manipulating a window without cords, and incontinently said things that he did not really mean about the style of architecture. "But," said the hostess, gently, "the windows

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have been that way for over a hundred years." The Spectator forgot his pain in the wave of rejoicing that swept over him. But the clouds followed the burst of light. After all, the remark was only a clue, and an elusive clue at that. It was not a solution of the mystery.

Perhaps the trees had something to do with the matter. Trees help greatly in determining the character of a town, as do the elms of the North or the palmettoes and live-oaks of Louisiana. The characteristic tree of this community seemed to the Spectator to be the crape-myrtle tree; not the bush which grows farther north, but the crape-myrtle tree, with strange barkless bole, like the trees of Doré's "Inferno," incongruously crowned above with glorious green and with soft, crinkly, tissue-paper masses of pink. Other trees there were equally striking, but in less profusion: fig trees, rough and shapeless; magnolias here and there, but not much in favor because of their somber shadows and the heavy scent of their too-tropical blossoms; oleander bushes or treelets, awkward in growth but splendid in blossom. There was even one tall palmetto, grave and stately, as always, though a little lonesome so far north. The Spanish moss the Spectator did not admire. In spite of its dismal beauty, it is a pariah among plants, the gray, ragged, and dismal beggar of the vegetable world, barred from most respectable gardens, though occasionally cherished by persons with a taste for the bizarre.

Farther along, where the little street merged once more in a larger thoroughfare, was the City Hall, an imposing and as yet unimproved structure of brick and stucco, flush with the sidewalk, with walls two feet thick and built to last forever. Upstairs sat the chief of police, palm-leaf fan in hand, smoking and talking politics, as chiefs of police sometimes do. Below were the quarters of the volunteer fire department, with the fire-engine horses fiercely looking out of their stalls upon a world that might any day burn up, and ready at a moment's notice to dash furiously down the street, as they actually did next day, followed by the force in various stages of dressing and a crowd of small boys and dogs.

Across the street was the water-front, and there—oh, blissful sight to the true antiquarian!—was an open-deck, side-wheel steamer just departing, wheels threshing the water into boiling rage, bells excitedly clanging, and the captain shouting, while the passengers sat on deck and already began to unpack sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs.

The captain saw the Spectator approaching, and called to him: "Want to get on board, suh? Fare to Turkey Quarter only three bits."

The Spectator would have liked to go to Turkey Quarter to see the turkeys, or whatever else might inhabit such a seaport; but he had no baggage along, and explained the matter to the captain.

"I'll wait for you, suh," replied that official. "It won't take mor'n an hour to get your trunks, will it?"

But the Spectator, seeing the passengers on deck eying him with no friendly glances, forebore to detain them.

At the next dock lay a schooner, just in from Philadelphia, with a mixed cargo for delivery to the various retail stores. The railway here seemed to be a luxury, but real commerce, whether breakfast foods and lamp-shades coming in or turpentine and lumber going out, took to the water. So with the passengers. Rich people used the railways to go to Asheville in the summer or to Norfolk in the season to see something of the world. But poor country folk went by boat.

Time, in this blissful community, somehow did not seem to move so rapidly or so inexorably as in the cities. When city folk discussed the remote past of ten years ago, the Pamlicese, as the Spectator used fondly to call them, discussed the real past, dating back to the early days of the Republic.

"And did such and such an event"—preserved in story—"happen before the Civil War?" the Spectator would ask.

"Oh, dear, yes! It was in the time of my great-grandmother, when the British passed this way."

Listening to these tales, the Spectator felt himself almost unconsciously receding into a more and more remote past. At times the very existence of the Nation would seem to fade out, and he would walk once more in a Colonial town among the liege subjects of King George. Was there not the very church the British soldiers beheld, were there not the very graves of the citizens who lived under the flag of Britain, even the very houses that sheltered them in that remote time? It was almost with a shock that the Spectator came to himself when he turned another corner and saw a gang of men laying rails for a street railway. In his heart he cursed them. But, after all, it must be uncomfortable to live always in the eighteenth century; and the Spectator is little by little becoming reconciled to the idea that this adorable little town, like all others, must change, must have sky-scrapers and brass banks and street car lines. And he went back to those things, resolved not to fly from the laws of nature. Yea, he even conversed with the dry-goods gentleman and every single one of his friends, and found all of them, like the true creations of Providence everywhere, good.

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# THE NEW BOOKS

**Romances of Théophile Gautier (The).** 10 vols. $15. **Travels of Théophile Gautier (The).** 7 vols. $10.50. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

It is now about forty years since Gautier died, and the mere fact that it has seemed worth while to put forth at this date seventeen volumes of his romances and sketches of travel indicates pretty positively that there was something enduring in his art. More than most writers Gautier suffers by translation (although Professor Sumichrast's rendering of his manner is capitally done), and it is also true that much of his non-fictional writing has lost interest because of the changes in the scenes and conditions described, yet there is very good literary browsing in these volumes, and the reader who knows of Gautier only as the author of "Mademoiselle de Maupin" and "Le Capitaine Fracasse" will be surprised at the grace and finish even of much that might be supposed to have been ephemeral in its nature.

**Lady and Sada San (The).** By Frances Little. The Century Company, New York. $1.

Of course the Lady of the title is the Lady of the Decoration. A sequel to a successful book is not always equally a success, but this little volume certainly carries on the original method of the author's first book with equal shrewdness and sharpness of observation, although, one suspects, with sometimes a little too sweeping criticism. This time the Lady goes to Japan to be near her husband, who is chasing microbes in China, and the Sada San of the tale is a girl, half Japanese and half American, who must be rescued from her cunning and heartless uncle, who would have her marry a Japanese gentleman with a wife and family of his own. Like its predecessor, the book arouses attention and affords interest and amusement in a novel way.

**White Shield (The).** Stories by Myrtle Reed. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Twenty short stories by the late Myrtle Reed have been collected and published in one volume, bound and decorated in similar style to her preceding books. They are occupied with the youthful phases of love, and are brimfull of such exclamations as "Only one little hour to last us for all eternity!" "The Book of Clever Beasts" still stands first among the works of this author, in our opinion, and there have been ten since, and seven before that appeared.

**How Phoebe Found Herself.** By Helen Dawes Brown. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.15.

Why is it so much easier to write good story books for boys than for girls? The former are legion, the latter can be counted on the fingers, with thumbs to spare. A measurable success is attained in this chronicle of the good works done and the sunshine shed by Phœbe, returned from college. It may be that her example will have a wholesome effect upon dissatisfied college girls who desire to be something besides daughters, but the veil drawn by the author over Phœbe's sweet superiority is rather too diaphanous for sharp young eyes.

**Inner Flame (The).** By Clara Louise Root Burnham. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

Mrs. Burnham has added another to the long list of bright, pleasant stories she has written. The young people in this particular tale are all possessed of unusual artistic ability, and in different ways are allowed to develop their gifts of painting, singing, dancing, and writing—a remarkable quartet. There are bits of humorous talk and clever reflections of modern life in city and country, while underneath all works the "philosophy" disseminated through "a little black book" modestly described as a commentary on the Bible.

**New Trails in Mexico.** By Carl Lumholtz. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5.

Any new volume of description and travel written by the author of "Unknown Mexico" and "Among Cannibals" is sure to receive attention, for Mr. Lumholtz is a cheerful and graphic narrator as well as an intrepid explorer. The "new trails" here described are along the upper part of the Gulf of California and east of the Colorado River, and the journeys recorded were made in 1909 and 1910. There is much told about regards Indian life, ancient customs and superstitions, and the like that is little known, and Mr. Lumholtz makes it all, together with his personal adventures, decidedly entertaining as well as informative. The book is beautifully printed and illustrated.

**Flower of Gloster (The).** By E. Temple Thurston. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

A pleasing and delightfully illustrated account of a leisurely, irresponsible journey made by barge through English canals. The author's reports of his talks with the people he ran across make good story-sketches, as might be expected from so good a novelist as Mr. Thurston.

**Around the Clock in Europe.** By Charles F. Howell. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

The author in this "travel-sequence" works on a novel, odd, and picturesque plan. We have here a dozen papers of description and impressions of famous places, large and small, each scene at a particular hour of the day. Thus we are at Edinburgh from one to two in the afternoon, at Antwerp from two to three, and so "around the clock" until midnight comes at Venice and one o'clock strikes at Paris. Apart from the charm of impressionism which attaches to this scheme it must be added that the author has caught admirably the atmosphere and tone of the places described, and this is



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even more noticeable with the small places, such as Prague and Scheveningen, than in the great cities like London and Rome. The book is printed with true taste, and the publishers have had the good judgment to make the illustrations for each of the twelve articles few and fit.

**Omens and Superstitions of Southern India.** By Edgar Thurston, C.I.E. McBride, Nast & Co., New York. $3.50.

Those who are interested in the evil eye, in snake worship, in votive offerings, in charms and divinations, will find much to their taste in Mr. Thurston's volume.

**Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages.** By Sidney Heath. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

Mr. Heath's volume is one to be enjoyed by every lover of the romantic and religious in history. Pilgrim life was a very real life in the Middle Ages, and, fortunately, it has left certain memorials, as any one knows who has followed the famous road still remaining in its entirety running along the English Downs from Winchester to Canterbury. The present volume has to do with England only.

**Gates of the Dolomites (The).** By L. Marion Davidson. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

A welcome addition to the growing literature of the Dolomite country. Neither the map nor, for the most part, the photographs, are what one might wish, but the author's accounts of his journeys (and especially those made on foot to the less accessible parts of the region) are readable and full of suggestions to others who may be wise enough to want to get off the ordinary tourist's route, beautiful as that is in itself.

**Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land (A).** By Dwight L. Elmendorf. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The author is widely known through his illustrated lectures. Here are a hundred large and fine photographs accompanied by a graphically written account of the "crusade" in which they were taken. The pictures do bring out vividly (as was the author's purpose) the meaning of the passages from Scripture attached to them.

**John M. Synge and the Irish Dramatic Movement.** By Francis Bickley. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 75c.

This small but comprehensive and interesting book gives a résumé of the rise and development of the Irish Theater, of the little group of Irish playwrights and Irish poets, and an analysis of Synge's plays, with a few biographical details. The book is compactly written; the criticism is pointed and judicious. Without over-laudation, it emphasizes the strong points, the salient characteristics, of Synge's very striking work. He was far and away the most original writer whom Ireland has produced for many decades, though not all the Irish in this country were open-minded enough to recognize this, lacking either the imagination or the knowledge which would have made his work intelligible to them.

**Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln.** By Helen Nicolay. The Century Company, New York. $1.80.

An interesting and well-written personal sketch, based on material left to the author by her father, the private secretary and official biographer of the great President. It is a valuable addition to our personal knowledge of the lovable man.

**Retrospection, Political and Personal.** By Hubert Howe Bancroft. The Bancroft Company, New York. $2.

Advertised as an "analytical review of the century," this is something more than a history of the course of American life during the past hundred years. It is rather a critical exposition, with the emphasis on the critical; its distinguished author, so favorably known for his monumental history of the Western States, voices his sentiments freely with regard to those phases of the National evolution which seem to him to call for condemnation. Not so many years ago much that he says would be bitterly resented—and undoubtedly he is at times unduly severe—but we of to-day realize the force of his charges, and are even now in the midst of a reformatory movement which is bound to have far-reaching effects for good. It is a book vigorous, vivid, forceful, lacking perhaps in orderly arrangement, but exhibiting so clearly the causes of the present political unrest and upheaval that it ought to be widely read.

**Causes and Effects in American History.** By Edwin W. Morse. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

This compact volume, which tells the story of the origin and development of the Nation, is so obviously useful that one wonders why it has not been written before. It is only superficially a political history; for the most part it ignores details; but it presents clearly those causes which have operated to create a nation on this continent—causes which are religious, ethical, economical, and political, and which have not only directed the growth of the Nation, but have entered into and largely shaped the character of the Americans. Mr. Morse has written an informal history of the soul of America as revealed in the larger and more significant events in its history. It is a colossal fairy tale, and every man, woman, and child in the country ought to know it. It is not too much to say that Mr. Morse's book ought to find a place in all schools and public libraries, and in every home where the endeavor is made to make children intelligent American citizens.

**Billy Fortune.** By W. R. Lighton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.

An amusing story of the "cow country" of Wyoming, in which various things happen to Billy through his admiration for various young ladies who always seem to belong to some one else.

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# LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

### THE GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

I should like to explain to the Outlook readers who may have gathered a different impression that the temporary resignation of Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne, the President of the Board of Trustees of the George Junior Republic Association of New York, had absolutely no bearing upon Mr. George's decision to remove his home from the Freeville Republic. That decision was arrived at quite independently, and for the following reasons: First and foremost, he found that while he still resided at the Freeville Republic, although having no official connection with the work, it was affirmed that it was dependent for its success upon his personality. He wishes to demonstrate beyond the possibility of contradiction that a Junior Republic is founded upon principles of immutable right, the successful working out of which is dependent neither upon himself nor any other individual. Secondly, so long as he was on the grounds it was inevitable that helpers and citizens should constantly turn to him for advice and counsel, which naturally he could not well withhold. This, however, placed him at times in the embarrassing position of appearing to thwart by indirection the plans of those locally in authority. Finally, as Mr. George's duties as National Director of the eight Junior Republics now in existence, as well as his plans for the founding of new Republics throughout the Union, become more and more engrossing, it becomes increasingly important that his time should not be encroached upon by petty matters of purely local concern.

LYMAN BEECHER STOWE, Secretary.

### THE PANAMA TOLL QUESTION

I agree very thoroughly with the views you express in your issue of October 5 on the question of the Panama Canal tolls. The administering of the Canal is one thing, the regulation of our coastwise trade is another. We cannot discriminate between any two nations, ourselves being one of them, in the question of tolls or in the price we charge for coal or oil. But our coastwise trade is something with which "other nations" have nothing to do and in which they have no interest. The meaning of the term had already been extended to cover a voyage from New York to San Francisco via Cape Horn. No nation can say that it did not understand that a voyage between ports of the United States on opposite sides of the continent would fall under the definition of coastwise trade, from which they were entirely excluded. We should have no right to complain if any foreign nation paid their merchant ships the sums paid us in tolls. Subsidies, or extravagant payments for carrying the mails, are matters of domestic economy with which outsiders have nothing to do.

It might be added that we have received no valuable consideration from England for the burden of building the Canal. It would have been out of the question for her to have undertaken the work; it was a great risk for us to assume. We received something from France and from Panama, and paid them liberally. Why should England complain if all foreign commerce is put on the same footing and our coastwise trade, in which she does not and cannot compete, is franked? It gives no "other nation" an advantage over her.

A complication might possibly arise if products of the Pacific coast were brought to an Atlantic port and afterwards reshipped to Europe. Suppose Oregon and Washington lumber is brought to a convenient port, say Mobile, on the Gulf, and mixed with Southern pine and shipped to Europe. It might be that the dollar a ton saved at Panama would more than cover the expense of unloading and reloading. This might give us an advantage over other nations, but a law could be passed forbidding such a practice, and doubtless would be on the representation of foreign nations. At best the contingency is remote.

The position of England and Germany is an attempt to interfere with the regulation of our internal commerce. This is something entirely outside of the domain of international law. No nation would tolerate for a moment an attempt to interfere on the part of an outsider with its control of freight rates in its territory, or of rebates. It is a matter of domestic economy in which we may make mistakes, but cannot infringe on the rights of others, because they have no rights.

CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

Hartford, Connecticut.

### VICTOR HUGO ON IMMORTALITY

The Outlook's editorial upon "The Habit of Immortality" some time ago was exceedingly interesting and helpful to me. In reading the article by Mr. Bacon, "The Argument for Immortality," I was reminded of the remarkably beautiful and impressive essay on "Life and Death" in Victor Hugo's "Intellectual Autobiography." I shall not undertake to trace the argument, but wish to quote a striking passage toward the conclusion which is to me very suggestive, to say the least. He says:

"An idea has crossed my mind. Can it be a glimmer of light?

"Two men are talking of the future life. One affirms it, the other denies it. One says: 'There is no death; my *I* will persist; I feel in me immortality; I call myself soul.' The other says: 'There is nothing after death; my *I* will be eaten by worms; I shall die completely; I feel that there is no to-morrow for me; I name myself dust.'



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"By what authority do these two men speak? By the authority of intimate conviction. The affirmative of one and the negative of the other have no other source than intuition. Intimate feeling, intimacy itself, the great and holy voice that whispers mysteriously to each soul. In the present case this voice contradicts itself; to the ear of one it says, '*Immortality*;' to the ear of the other it says, '*Nothingness*.' . . . Can it be possible that both these men speak the truth?

"Dante has just written two verses. While he leans on his elbow, meditating, the first verse says to the second: 'Do you know what, brother? We are immortal! I feel in myself life everlasting; we are born for glory; I have the conviction that I shall live through the ages.' The second replies: 'What a dream! I feel that I shall not live a day; I have death in me; I am not.'

"At that moment Dante came out of his reverie, took up his pen, re-read the two verses, and erased the second.

"Both were right.

"Are there sketches of souls which feel themselves but sketches, embryo individualities destined for recasting, beings who are mere essays, who shall disappear in nothingness, and who have the consciousness of it?

"Are there men whom God blots out?"

T. W. RAINEY, Dean.

Oswego College, Oswego, Kansas.

### MORE MORGUE MEN

The interesting and informing article of Mr. Lewis E. Theiss, in your issue of September 14, describing the biographical department of the modern metropolitan daily, appeals to the writer as one of the best arguments for and expositions of the practical value of specialized libraries that he has read.

Just as the newspaper's "morgue" furnishes information and facts about people, just so does the special library furnish facts about things and events. Anything that appeals to the newspaper man as a money or time saver certainly should appeal to the professional or business man as well. The special library idea has been admirably worked out in many kinds of business to the advantage of all concerned.

Public libraries are developing, for example, special technological libraries for the benefit of the expert and the artisan; special libraries on the problems of municipal government for the benefit of municipal officers; also business men's branches in which the statistics of commerce, trades, and manufactures may be had without delay. State libraries are furnishing the accurate data of political science, economics, and sociology to busy legislators that they may legislate in accordance with modern conditions. The practical man of affairs is coming to realize the advantage to his employees, and through them to himself, of having in his business or manufacturing establishment a select reference library of the literature pertaining to his work. Public service corporations, banking houses, insurance associations, State tax commissions, automobile manufacturers, and many others are among those who have already turned such libraries into money-making institutions.

Special libraries need specially trained library workers to run them. Where is the information? is the important question, not, What is it? And it takes a person thoroughly familiar with filing systems, classification, indexing, cataloguing, and cross-referencing, as well as acquainted with the subject-matter, to produce with the least possible delay the bit of information that a high-salaried expert absolutely needs, but should not be compelled to hunt out himself.

Call it a "morgue" or a cemetery, or—what it really is—an enterprising information bureau, the special library idea has a practical investment value not generally realized.

Urbana, Illinois. JOHN BOYNTON KAISER.

### AN EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW

Your recent remarks on "Medical Education" were of especial interest to me for the reason that we have been "doing things" in our town. Through the kindness of the physicians, we have introduced a system of medical inspection in our public schools that has created a great awakening in things medical. We try to prevent disease, and in that effort we have the co-operation of all the pupils in the schools, and through the pupils we have the help of the parents. Every child is examined thoroughly by the physicians and the dentists without a cent's cost to the taxpayer, and, in addition to this, our teachers teach practical hygiene in every grade; and as a result we have almost stamped out preventable diseases. Every one is enlisted in making the town sanitary. We rarely have a case of contagious disease, and we have decreased the death rate in pneumonia and tuberculosis by having taught the people that fresh air is their friend even when asleep. A diplomatic school man may enlist the support of physicians in every town to give free medical inspection. They are anxious to co-operate, because they realize that it places their profession upon a higher plane and gives them an opportunity to practice preventive medicine.

THEODORE B. SHANK, A.M.

Jeannette, Pennsylvania.

### WHAT A REACTIONARY IS

A correspondent sends us, clipped from some unknown newspaper, this definition: "A reactionary is defined by a Chicago lawyer as one who thinks more of his church than he thinks of his religion, who thinks more of his college than he thinks of his education, who thinks more of his party than he thinks of his country."

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# BY THE WAY

At a sale of first editions in London recently the works of the inexhaustible G. P. R. James, 139 volumes, brought $127—almost precisely the sum realized by the sale of a first edition of the one volume that made Lewis Carroll famous—"Alice in Wonderland."

The huge paintings required as scenes for theaters are now, according to an article in the "Scientific American," painted with the canvas lying flat on the floor, instead of, as formerly, in an upright position. In this way the work can be done much more rapidly. The colors used are in powdered form, a barrel to each color.

Any one who has an unused thirteen-cent United States postage stamp printed on blue paper would do well to hold on to it rather than to use it on a letter or package. A stamp dealer who has heretofore sold these stamps to collectors for $62.50 each announces that after November 1 the price will be $75. Four thousand of these stamps were originally printed, but less than a hundred are known to exist at present.

An American woman who has visited both the Froebel kindergartens and the schools in which the Montessori methods have been adopted in Rome says that the children in the latter schools are far beyond those of their own age in the other schools in their studies and in general mental development.

Such has been the popularity of moving-picture shows, according to an article in "McClure's," that one of the promoters of these enterprises not long ago proposed to lease the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York City for their production, and offered a rental of $150,000 a year; this being refused, he is now building a moving-picture theater in Harlem which will seat even more people than the Opera-House.

The dairy cow owes a salute to the "Country Gentleman" for the fine compliment paid her by that journal in saying that "civilization and the dairy cow are closely associated." As a food producer, says the "Country Gentleman," the cow returns eighteen pounds for every hundred pounds of feed given her, while her nearest competitor, the hog, returns only fifteen pounds, and the hen, with all her cackling, gives her owner but a scant ten pounds of food in return for his investment of a hundred.

A witty headline in a daily paper precedes an inquiry as to the grammar of two lines in Trowbridge's poem "The Vagabonds," one of which ends with "Roger and I" and the other with "Roger and me." Both are pronounced correct, the simple explanation being given in the heading, "Circumstances Alter Cases."

A pigeon recently flew from Niagara Falls to New York City in 6 hours and 33 minutes, or at the rate of nearly seventy miles an hour. While the aeroplane can beat this rate, it will probably be some time before an aviator equals this record for a flight between the two places.

Carl Schurz, according to an article in the current "Century Magazine," never succeeded in really becoming an American. "If I should live a thousand years," he once said, "they would still call me a Dutchman." And yet the article declares that "no man of his time spoke so well or wrote to better purpose."

In spite of the complaints of hard times for the railways because of increasing Government oversight and control, recently published statistics show that they have made a relative gain in the last decade. In 1900 the percentage of net return to the railways on their capital was only one-quarter as great as that on manufactures. In 1910 the percentage had increased to nearly one-half. Manufactures in 1900 returned 17.119 per cent profit, railways 4.650; in 1910 the figures were 12.041 per cent for manufactures and 5.729 for railways.

"Not many years ago," says a writer in "Office Appliances," "American business propositions in the West Indies were considered more as objects of distrust and ridicule than as means of commercial success. To-day one can go throughout the British West Indies and find American business methods and American office appliances displacing the long-established European systems of doing business."

The Hamburg-American Line is to institute a fortnightly service from Boston to Hamburg, beginning next May. But New York City is to keep the big vessels which the line is now building, through the extension of the piers to accommodate 1,000-foot steamships.

Good manners on the part of employees toward customers are a recognized business asset; good manners on the part of employees toward each other ought also to be required in a well-conducted commercial establishment. A visitor to a department store in New York City was recently disenchanted as to the pleasant conditions in which its employees were supposed to work by a loud-voiced, imperious command, "Miss Blank, come here!" Obedience to authority does not require harshness of language in issuing orders.

A hint for the man who likes to work about the house: To avoid splitting a board when driving a nail, says a mechanical magazine, cut off the point of the nail with pliers; such a nail will punch rather than wedge its way through, and may be driven almost on the edge of the board without splitting it.

Parachutes for saving the lives of aviators who meet with accident in mid-air are being adopted in Europe, the Russian Government having, it is reported, ordered two hundred of them for its army aeroplanes. The parachute is strapped to the aviator's shoulders and unfolds automatically in case of accident.

Few book collectors ever have the luck which befell the Vicomte d'Ollone in a little transaction described in his recently published work entitled "In Forbidden China." A very rare manuscript was offered to him in a Chinese city by an agent who asked the large sum of $200 for it. The Vicomte became suspicious as to the real ownership of the document, and on questioning the seller the Chinaman suddenly decamped, leaving the manuscript in the hands of the Vicomte. Being unable to find the real owner, Vicomte d'Ollone thus came into possession of one of the chief treasures of his collection.



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